

# THE CONSTITUTION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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Written for the Constitution

## A MEDICAL DISSERTATION

On the Proximate and Final Cause of the Nose.

By CHRISTOPHER GORGET, Surgeon, and found among his papers.

Much as I am inclined to acknowledge and respect the discoveries and improvements of our modern physiologists, yet I sincerely believe there are not a few things, which, by a proper share of attention, and a little of that penetrative sagaciousness so much at their command, when occasion calls for it, might have been relieved of some of the obscurity which has forever enveloped them. It is a paradox how some men delight to wander about into all the by-paths and difficult places of visionary speculation, when they might just as well walk in the broad sunshine road of everyday common sense and plain matter of fact. Like a troop of noisy ducks carousing over a mud-puddle of a rainy day, for no other earthly purpose than to stir up the mud at the bottom, so will some of our modern physiologists bristle up most manfully to some knotty question, and lay about them with all the pugnaciousness of trained pugilists, just to see what a great dust of learning they can raise about the ears of the by-standers. Truly, they come under the anathema denounced on Holy Writ against those "who strain at a gnat and swallow at a camel." They will describe most learnedly the uses, functions, and actions, of those organs which are deep-seated in the body, and which no mortal eye can behold and their owner live; while those parts which appear in broad open day, and seem as it were to obtrude themselves upon one's notice, have seldom attracted much attention: and this, too, for a very obvious reason, for they might talk till the day of retribution about things which nobody could see but themselves, and not a mother's son contradict them.

I shall now, without any farther digression, proceed to the investigation of my subject, claiming, however, the privilege of all medical writers, to talk as long and as learnedly as I please, and I would not give the value of a ligature to know whether my opinions are liked or not.

No part in the whole body has been more minutely or more accurately described than those curiously disposed cartilages which arise from the nasal process of the superior maxillary bone and the ossa nasal, and are surrounded by muscles, skin, cellular membrane, and grove-blossoms, and vulgarly called nose, from the English verb to nose, because a man hardly knows how to do without one—and no part whose proximate cause and final uses have been so little understood. Multitudinous and contradictory have been the opinions and speculations of men, relative to this protuberance; and since it would be no human task to demolish them all, yet for the purpose which I am proud to own, of rescuing this noble organ from being the sport of men's opinions. I shall select a few of the most prominent, and from the astonishing facility with which these are despatched show the utter futility of the whole.

1. The most common opinion, and the one which, to superficial observers, would seem the true one, is, that it is made to sneeze with. This theory, however plausible at first sight it may appear, must fall before the touch of rigid investigation. Sneezing, say they, is a phenomenon produced by a concussion of air impinging against the sides of the cartilages during its rapid expulsion from the lungs.

Now all this, I utterly and flatly deny, for if sneezing was a concussion of the air, I am absolutely unable to conceive by what mechanism, or upon what principles, the construction of the nose is to produce this effect. Concussion of the air, so as to produce sound, requires a wide, ample cavity, in which the air might freely and easily rebound from side to side, and we should expect to find these sides constructed of some sonorous materials, such as brass; instead of all this, we have only two long, narrow, cartilaginous tubes. Nay, the veriest tyro in natural philosophy would scout at such a theory; and if they had read my

memoir, and shame to them that they have not, on *Smelling*, they would have found it proved, as plain as candle light, that sneezing depends upon the explosion of an inflammable gas coming into sudden and violent contact with the circumambient air, and that smelling is attributable to the same principles.

2. A practical opinion has been extremely prevalent in these latter days, that a man's nose was made for no other purpose whatever than to take snuff with.

That nature should encourage such a foul, filthy, indecent, and uncivil practice, by constructing an apparatus expressly for this object, on the "human face divine," is an idea which ought to consign its author to lasting infamy. Not only does this imply the most presumptuous impudence, but the veriest ignorance, in not perceiving that the uses they assign to this organ, would interrupt and derange the functions of other organs, and thus, by disturbing the harmonies of nature, prove an irrefutable argument against their theory. But we feel a little more inclined to pardon their ignorance, when we recollect that they had not received, as we have, the benefits of Dr. Ringlake's ever-to-be-remembered memoir on the "Pathology of a Pinch of Snuff," in the London Medical and Physical, wherein he incontestably proves that this deadly narcotic introduced into the stomach by inhalation, produces loss of appetite, gastric oppression, praeordial anxiety, acetous fermentation, and deadly languor. "What vital function," the Doctor triumphantly asks, "can preserve its healthy state amidst such overwhelming oppression of gastric excitability?"

3. The opinion which seems to be entertained by the greater portion of anatomists of the present day, is, that the nose is expressly for the purpose of smelling.

But the sensation of smelling, according to their account, is seated in the pituitary membrane, and it would be most decidedly against the glorious analogies of nature, to suppose there existed any essential connexion between this small, delicate membrane and such a huge, unshaped protuberance as the nose. Though it is certain that a man smells with his nose, and with no other part of the body, yet is just as certain that it serves to wear spectacles on, and of course has no connexion with its proximate cause. "It is just as wise," says an admirable French Philosopher, "to suppose that stones were made to break heads with, as that the eyes were made for seeing."

4. Some have supposed that the nose was made to serve as a straddle for a pair of spectacles; others have thought it was exclusively an organ of salutation, because some outlandish people have a custom of pulling each other's noses instead of shaking hands; others, that it was a kind of guide-post to the rest of the body; while a few, in despair of ever finding its true use, have denied, in toto, that it possessed any use at all, and accordingly have considered it merely as a fungous excrescence, which, produced in the first place accidentally, has since been continued down through all succeeding generations.

Now it is not meet that I should stop and examine all these opinions, but rather that I should express clearly, briefly, and candidly, my own opinions with regard to the true and only use of the nasal apparatus. I declare it as my sincere, deliberate, and solemn opinion, an opinion, too, of which I claim the sole discovery, that the nose was made, and made for this purpose only, to have the the Taliacotian operation performed upon it. People may sneeze, take snuff, wear spectacles, or pull each other's noses, but these things depend upon human caprice, and are subject to the ever changing fashions of society, but every person is liable, every day, to have his nasal structure lacerated, cut off, or demolished, and consequently of having an operation performed thereon. Fixed as it is, on the most prominent part of the physiognomy, and standing out from the rest of the system, it seems to court danger, and bid defiance to the majestic world. The consequence is just what might be expected, it is frequently lost, and its loss more regretted by its unhappy owner than a right arm or a right eye.

The idea of repairing the loss of this noble organ, first occurred to a Neapolitan physician by the name of Branca. A Neapolitan poet, writing a friend of his who has lost his nose, urges him to come to Branca, with the encouraging assurance, "that he might go home again with as much nose as he pleased." But many are inclined to think

this story of Branca fabulous, and perhaps they are right. The first person of whom we have any certain or definite account, as having any knowledge of this subject, is the ever-to-be-remembered Taliacotius, a professor of anatomy at Bologna, who performed the operation several times himself, and wrote a long book about it.

But how did Taliacotius perform the wonderful operation? Taliacotius knew, and so does everybody else know, that it was easy enough, and rather too easy, to make common, natural noses, but not quite so easy to repair the losses of accident or misfortune by means of art. It occurred to him, however, and to this great man he given all the honor and glory of the operation, that a strip of flesh cut out from the arm or thigh, and of the right size and model, might be so applied to the part (one end of the strip, however, still attached to its natural connexions) as to unite by the first intention, and serve all the purposes of the original occupant.

An opportunity now occurred for putting his idea in practical execution. The operation was performed, success crowned his efforts, and he had the proud satisfaction of beholding this noble protuberance rising like the Phoenix from its ruins with all its pristine dignity.

Many improvements have been made in the mode of constructing artificial noses, since the days of Taliacotius—and it is so common a thing at the present day, to have a new nose made and an old one fitted up, that the conclusion is irresistible, that for no other earthly purpose was it designed—and as this is the only instance, where an organ is entirely restored, we must yield the fact, that surgery is the highest and noblest in the whole catalogue of arts. D.

## DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

### PHILIPPE THE FIRST.

Louis Philippe 1st, king of France, was early placed with his brothers under the instruction of Madame de Genlis. At the age of seventeen he was withdrawn from her care; and his father, who was immensely rich, provided him a separate and splendid establishment as a prince of the blood royal. We should not judge the education received in private at the hands of a woman, and the luxurious and splendid attractions with which he was afterwards surrounded, calculated to form the soldier, the statesman, or man of a stern and self-denying character. His instructress, however, pursued a practical system of instruction for the strengthening of his mind, and habituated to despise effeminacy, to serve himself without assistance, to sleep on a wooden bed, covered merely with a straw mat, to expose himself to all weathers, to accustom himself to fatigue, daily, by violent bodily exercises, and long walks. Under her tuition he acquired many branches of useful knowledge, was qualified for the business of life, and hardened to great corporeal endurance. Anecdotes are told of him in his youth which give evidence of courage, physical capacity, self-denying beneficence, ardor for liberty, disinterestedness, and fraternal affection. He entered the national service with command of a regiment in 1791. In a few days after joining his regiment he saved a drowning man at the hazard of his own life; and being rewarded with a civic crown for this instance of his courage and humanity, he sent a leaf of it to Madame de Genlis, and warmly thanked her for having obliged him to swim. She had also taught him and his brothers to dress wounds by practice in the hospital. In the same year he interposed between the infuriated populace and a priest, whom they were on the point of destroying for not conforming to the new constitution, and rescued him. He was engaged in many battles, in Quicorium, in Borsu, Courtray, Valency, Jennappe, at Anderlecht, Brussels, Vaux, and in other engagements, and distinguished himself as a commander by valor and penetration. Being proscribed by the National Convention for his relationship to their late king, Louis XVI, he escaped to Austria, where he was offered the command of a division in the Austrian service, but declined it; for he had resolved never to bear arms against his country. The due de Chartres (that was then his title,) remained but a short time in the Austrian territory, when he departed for Switzerland, where he joined his sister who had been obliged to quit Paris, and with her was driven about from town to town by the magistrates, till he determined to disappear, so that his

existence should be supposed to be terminated. He placed his sister in a convent, left her all the money he had, a very small sum; and passed several months in extreme penury. He was now about twenty years old, and became a successful competitor with other candidates for the professorship of mathematics in a college of Grisons under an assumed name. By his father's death, about this time he succeeded to the title of the due d'Orleans. He was so successful as an instructor; and so won the affection of his pupils by his kindness, and the respect of the officers by his mental attainments, that a certain person who had persecuted him as due d'Orleans, and knew not that the professor was the same, solicited him to become the tutor of his sons. He continued in his college office eight months, rising at four and fulfilling its duties with scrupulous punctuality and care, and to entire acceptance; and bore away with him an honorable certificate from the college authorities.—He visited several countries in the north of Europe, economising and maintaining his health, and making the most of his locomotion by that best of all modes of travelling on foot: in that manner he went to Hamburg, explored Denmark, Sweden and Norway, penetrated to the North Cape, and within thirteen degrees of the Pole, wandered in Finland, and returned to Hamburg; mixing with all classes, he gained a large stock of knowledge of mankind. In October, 1796, he came to this country, in pursuance of a plan he had entertained of becoming a cultivator of the soil, and in consequence of stipulations with the Directory for the release of his brother, who had been several years in prison. The brothers here studied the constitution and government of the nation, and the several states. Hearing that their mother had been obliged to leave France, and was living in Spain; they left this country for Spain to see her. Owing to the war, they were not allowed to land in that country, and took up their residence in England. On a visit to Italy he married Princess Amelia, daughter of Ferdinand IV., whose life had been subject to reverses like his own, in the year 1809.

Such has been the life of Louis Philippe; and with such qualifications, so well proved, he ascends the French throne. Since the restoration he has lived in France in quiet retirement, devoting himself to the education of his children, with the aid of his wife, and by his simplicity of manners acquiring esteem. It is hardly credible that such a king with such a partner of his throne, should furnish any reasonable cause of offence to his people. There has already appeared, however, some evidence of dissatisfaction; and it would require the gift of prophecy founded on something else than natural conclusions, to conjecture what will be the history and termination of his reign.

New Bedford Mercury.

Sir W. Scott and Scotch Traditions. A venerable old lady, Mrs. Maundie Scott, of Thirlstien, in North Britain, who died lately, bequeathed, amongst other family relics, a curious old glass goblet, in the shape of a boot, to her nephew, a man of large hereditary possessions near Kelso. The gentleman remembered that it had always been treated with great respect as an heir-loom in the family, when a boy he visited his ancient relatives at Thirlstien; but he had lost all traces of its history, so far as related to the cause of its having always been so reverentially regarded. Thus it was, when one evening his eldest daughter ran triumphantly into the room, holding a book in her hand. It was a volume of *Waverley*; and there, in one of the notes appended to it, she pointed out to her father the following solution of the mystery of his drinking glass. After mentioning a stirrup-cup at Clannish Castle, which was in the form of a lion, the author of *Waverley* remarks—"In the family of Scott of Thirlstien (not Thirlstien, in the Forest, but the place of that name in Roxburghshire,) was long preserved a cup of the same kind, in the form of a jack-boot. Each guest was obliged to empty this at his departure. If the guest's name was Scott, the necessity was doubly imperative." It is an interesting circumstance to find the almost forgotten legend of this relic still preserved in the memory of that great antiquarian of Scotland; who, if he would add to the other treasures he had bestowed upon his country, a "history of her relics," would raise a cairn of those precious stones, commemorative of her long-departed worthies, imperishable as his own enduring name.

## MISCELLANY.

From the United Service Journal.

## A STRANGE SAIL.

While cruising in H. M. Ship *Cleopatra*, 430 miles to the southward of the Bermudas, we fell in with a warlike looking ship, on the 12th February, 1806; chase was immediately given, and in a short time we moved along side of her. She was a fine rooney corvette, mounting eighteen or twenty guns, under American colors, and called the "*Leander*;" her decks were crowded with men, mostly landsmen. The officers of the frigate were rubbing their hands with great glee, anticipating a rich prize; and all were busy in conjecturing what she was, and where her destination could be. America being neutral at the time; that she was fitted for war there could be no question; and it was equally apparent that she was not a national ship. From the vague and evasive answers which were given to the questions of the boarding officers—those of the *Leander*, and the appearance of soldiers and accoutrements for dragoons between decks, suspicion began to arise as to the lawfulness of her intentions, and it was supposed that the assumed flag of the United States, which nation we knew was not numbered among the belligerents, was merely a cloak to cover their designs. Some among us thought that the system of buccannery had revived, and that the expedition was destined against the Spanish ports of South America, by the way, as in the olden time, of the *Idmus of Darien*: others considered her as a pirate of a new order, who intended to scour the coast of Spanish America simultaneously by sea and land; that the landsmen on board were to be employed in that way as "Horse-marines;" while the most discerning, though less enthusiastic speculators, soberly thought that the expedition, notwithstanding the mystery in which it appeared to be involved, was duly authorized by some power.

Several hours were consumed in endeavors to discover by interrogatories their intentions and destination, but to no purpose. The second lieutenant and a midshipman of the frigate were sent on board to examine her minutely, to search her holds, and to find out what were the contents of her cargo: on requesting a light and lantern for this purpose, the chief officer under the captain, who appeared an active, intelligent young man, declined compliance, as an accident might happen and the ship be set on fire; he at last reluctantly consented, and said he himself would bring it down. The mid descended into the lower deck, and was perfectly surprised at the appearance it made; saddles, bridles, hussar-jackets, sabres, pistols, carbines, clocks, belts, cartridge-boxes, helmets, and other trappings and habiliments of war, lay scattered about in every direction. After examining every part of this deck, he went into the main-hatch-way, to wait for the light: in a short time the officer descended with it, and as the mid took it from him, he whispered, "Take my advice, and do not remove the light from the lantern;" and immediately jumped upon the main-deck. The mid was not at all disposed to follow the Mate's advice, as he considered (under the influence of impressions which had been forced upon our minds from appearances, &c.) it had been given merely because he did not wish the cargo to be examined with scrutiny. On taking a glance along the line of the hold, the mid found an entire tier, fore-and-aft, of wine pipes, and as he could not see what was beneath these, he hid himself down at length upon them, and taking the candle from the lantern, let it down in his hand, as far as the length of his arm would admit, between the angle formed by the chimneys of the casks; this gave him a view down to the keelson, and there appeared to be three tiers of wine pipes, and nothing else; while making sure of this, by removing from side to side of the vessel, and as far forward and aft as he could go, his attention was arrested by a confusion upon deck; he was shortly afterwards called by name, and requested by the Mate to come upon deck. On going up he met Lieut. L., who informed him that, in consequence of his having taken the candle from the lantern, and lowered it between the casks, the officers of the ship had become alarmed, and disclosed a part of their secret; which was, that most of the casks contained gunpowder! This article being contraband, the Captain of the ship, of course, could not be expected, except in a case of necessity, to make a gratuitous confession; the necessity, however, seemed very apparent, as a spark from the candle lodged upon the chips and straw which lay at the bottom of the hold would have set fire to the ship, and blown her up, and thus all their hopes of glory and gold would have ended "in smoke."

Our lieutenant, (a nephew of Earl L.) an accomplished, honorable, and most worthy young officer, in the mean time, had been endeavoring to sift out from the captain, officers, and passengers, the destination of the armament, as it now clearly appeared that, beside the crew, there were many soldiers on board, and a fat, elderly gentleman who was styled "General;" but as no further information could be obtained, and the commander pertinaciously refused to give a satisfactory account of his vessel, the captain of the frigate sent to inform him, that it was his intention to conduct him to the Admiral at Bermuda. Upon this intimation, the old gentleman who was styled "General," requested permission to go on board the *Cleopatra*, to commune with her commander. This was instantly granted, and he was taken on board in the frigate's boat. He was a fleshy, swarthy man, about five feet eight or nine inches in height, without the slightest military bearing about him; had I been asked his profession and nation, I certainly should have said he was a French traitor—to have taken him for a soldier and a Spaniard, I never should, so likely are we to

\*This gentleman's name was Sullivan; he was the son of a merchant (a native of Ireland) of Boston, in New England. The love of enterprise had led him to embark with Miranda, and in this unfortunate expedition he was taken prisoner, and condemned to the mines. It is singular that the mid above spoken of, happened to be on board the vessel of war which received Mr. S. off Cartagena, when he escaped from prison.

be deceived in our opinions. The old gentleman had some difficulty to get up the ship's side; but he disdained assistance, and trival as this circumstance was, it served to show that there was energy in the mind, whatever want of it might have appeared in the outward semblance of the patriotic leader. On observing a young midshipman steering the boat, he remarked that it was no wonder that the British were so superior to other nations at sea, when they enter at so early an age on their professional duties.

The officers of the frigate were sanguine in their hopes, that the ship would be sent in, and prove a valuable prize; and there is little doubt that had she been detained for adjudication, her condemnation would have followed, although it is more than probable she would have been released; but whether, under such peculiar circumstances, the government at home would have paid her value as prize-money to the captors, is a question I cannot resolve: however, this expectation of the officers, after the lapse of a few hours, was completely set aside: the old "General" was conveyed back to his ship, and in a short time we mutually separated. It afterwards appeared that the old gentleman was no other personage than the celebrated General Miranda, and that this expedition (of which the *Leander* was the herald) was the first undertaken in the cause of South American independence, and had been fitted out in the United States of North America, to act against the Caracazo; he was himself a native of that part of the continent, but had been a "General" in the French republican service. Our government, it appeared, contemned and encouraged this expedition: the General is said to have laid a letter from the Right Hon. William Pitt to himself on the subject, before the captain of this frigate; and this, according to the report on board, was the reason of his vessel not having been detained by the *Cleopatra*. The General's expedition, as might have been anticipated from the matter which we saw under him, was unsuccessful, and he ultimately perished by treachery; nevertheless, it roused the slumbering spirit of revolt throughout Spanish America, and which, after a severe struggle, has been crowned with success; but, I believe, the name of General Miranda is forgotten by his countrymen, who, most certainly, owe his memory some tribute for his having been, as it were, the directing spirit towards their emancipation.

In the *Cleopatra*, during a dark night, we came up unexpectedly alongside of a large ship, which being hailed, answered "Mark Anthony;" she, in her turn, asked "What ship?" and the response was "*Cleopatra*." This is one of those coincidences often met with in the events of the world. A similar one occurred at a British port, about two years ago, in the arrival, on the 15th of June, of the *Wellington* and *Waterloo*. ANTONIO CIEGO.

## MIKE WILD.

## A LEGEND OF THE NORTH END.

Mike Wild was a substantial grocer, and flourished in the good old days of Boston. He has, for many years, been peacefully gathered to his fathers; as a small grey tablet, much defaced by the hand of time and the idle school-boy, will testify. This memorial of Mr. Wild's mortality may be seen by the curious antiquary, in the Old Granary churchyard, bearing a pithy inscription, which denotes the years and days of Mike's mortal career, and is disfigured by the customary cherub and seraph, of church-yard sculpture.

Mike was known to be a hard man, miserly and peevish; but it was never clearly proved that he was dishonest. If his crafty and calculating spirit could discriminate nicely between a sure and a doubtful speculation, it could determine with equal accuracy how far to over-reach his neighbor, and yet escape the hazard of becoming obnoxious to the charge of fraud, but he valued himself most upon his shrewdness and caution, professing to hold in utter contempt the folly of credulity, and when he read or heard of any imposition practised upon his neighbors, he used to say, "Folks must be up betimes to choose Mike Wild."

One stormy evening, about the close of the autumn of 1776, Mike was enjoying his customary household comforts, his pipe and can, in the little back parlor of his dwelling, No. —, North End; being the house next to that then occupied by Mr. Peter Ral., famous story. The night was dark without as the "throat of the black wolf," and as turbulent as that animal, when a long snow-storm upon the hills has driven him mad with famine.

This obscure chamber was the then theatre of his earthly felicity. It was here that he counted over his accumulating gains, with every returning night; indulged in the precious remembrance of past success, and raved in the golden visions of future prosperity. Therefore with this room were associated all the pleasing recollections of his life.

It was the only green spot in his memory; the refreshing oasis in the barren desert of his affections. It was there alone that the solitary gleam of consolation touched and melted the ice of his soul. It was natural, then, considering his selfish nature, that he should keep it sacred and inviolate. The foot of wife or child was never permitted to invade this sanctum. Such approach on their part would have been deemed high treason, and punished as such without "benefit of clergy." Such intrusion by a neighbor would have been esteemed a declaration of hostilities, and would have been warmly repelled. It were indeed safer to have beard "the lion in his den," or the puissant Douglas in his hall—for

Mike possessed all those physical virtues, which can keep the head from falling, if the absence of better qualities at any time provoke assault.

The besom of the thrifty housewife never disturbed the venerable dust and cobwebs that supplied its only tapestry. From generation to generation, the spider had reigned unmolested in the corners and crevices of the wall; and so long had the territory been held and transmitted from sire to son, that if a title by custom and prescription, could ever avail against the practical argument of the boom, there was little fear of a process of ejectment.

As the old lamp at the gate creaked dimly, and the crazy shutters of his chamber rattled still more noisily in the wind, the mercury of Mike's spirits rose higher; a physical phenomenon not easily explained. Perhaps, as the elemental war grew sharper, his own nature grew more benign, in the consciousness that a secure shelter was interposed between his own head and the elements.

The last drops of the good liquor had disappeared from Mike's silver tankard; the last wavering wreath of smoke had dissolved in the air, and the dull embers of his hearth were fast dying away in the white ashes, when Mike, upon raising his eyes suddenly, was much startled to observe that he had company in his solitude. He rubbed his eyes and shook himself, to ascertain his personal identity; but still the large strong figure of a man was seated in the old leather chair directly opposite to him. Whence he came, by what means he had entered, what were his purposes, were mysteries too deep for Mike's faculties at that time to fathom. There he sat, however, motionless as a statue, with his arms folded, and a pair of large, lustrous black eyes fastened full upon him. There was a complete fascination in that glance, which sent a thrill through his whole frame, and held him, as with an iron chain, to his hair.

Mike, like a good general, soon rallied his routed faculties, recombined his fugitive thoughts, and resolved, though possessing a faint heart, to show a bold front; a cheat often practised by better tacticians. He then upon plucked up heroism and soon ascertained that his visitor was of very affable and benignant bearing.

He communicated his business briefly, in which virtue of brevity, we shall condescend to be an imitator. He revealed that he was, indeed, of unearthly nature, a disembodied spirit; and that during his earthly sojourn, he had secreted a most precious treasure, which had been unlawfully acquired, under the old elm tree in the centre of the common. He could not rest quietly in his grave, till he had imparted the secret to some human being; and as Mike was a man after his own heart, he had selected him as the object of his bounty. Mike thanked him sincerely for the compliment and kindness, and promised to go forth without delay in search of the treasure. He sallied forth, with his "spiritual guide," his mind intoxicated with the thought of the heavy ingots and bars of gold, and the cash foreign coin which he believed would be shortly his own. The night was black and rainy; the scattered sheet swept furiously along the streets, pursued by the screaming wind; but the wrath of the elements was disarmed by the glorious vision of riches and honors that possessed him.

They arrived at length, after much wading and tribulation, at the old elm, now the "trysting place" of young people, in the days of election festivity. In those days it was sometimes used as a gallows for want of a better; and it is said, at this very day, that on dark and tempestuous nights, the ghosts of those who perished on its branches are seen swinging, and heard creaking the wind, still struggling in the last throes and torment of dissolution, in expiation of crimes committed long ago.

When Mike paused at the roots of the old tree, he requested his guide to designate the particular spot that contained the treasure; but receiving no response to this very natural inquiry, he looked round and saw that his genius had vanished—"into the air," probably, like Macbeth's witches. He was not to be disheartened or daunted, however, so he commenced delving with the zeal of an ardent money digger. He turned up many a good rood of soil, without meeting the precious ore, when his fears got the better of his discretion, and his fancy busily peopled the obscure tops and limbs of the old tree with all manner of grotesque shapes and jibbering monsters; and he fancied that the evil spirits of departed malefactors were celebrating their festival orgies, and making merry with their infernal dances around him.

His fear had increased to agony. The spade dropped from his powerless hand, his hair bristled with terror, and his great eyes nearly leaped from his head, in his endeavor to penetrate the gloom that surrounded him. Once more his mysterious guide stood before him: but one glance at his awfully altered face, completed the climax of his fright.

Those large, black, lustrous eyes now kindled like two balls of flame; and as their fiendish lustre glared upon him, he shrank back, as from a scorching flame. A nose, enormous, and rubicund as the carbuncle of the east, protruded "many a rood," from the face of his evil spirit; and immense whiskers, rough and shaggy as the lion's mane, flowed around his visage. The gold-monster continued to frown upon him fearfully, till at length the bewildered senses of Mike could look no longer, and he fell to the earth utterly senseless.

When Mike awoke, the morning sun was looking cheerfully into his own chamber window, and the birds that make merry in every bright summer morning, were singing gaily on the house eaves above his head. He rubbed his eyes in astonishment, and was in doubt whether he had not lost his senses, or whether the vision, the money, the walk at midnight, and the horrible goblin, were not all but the mere creations of a dream.

While lost in these doubts and difficulties, a neighbor opportunely stepped in, to whom he related the whole scene, adding at the same time suitable embellishments to the appearance of the fiend-like apparition, which had haunted him.

His friend heard him patiently for a time expatiate on the miraculous adventure, but at length could preserve his gravity no longer, and burst forth into loud ha! ha! ha's! When he had recovered sufficient breath to articulate, he confessed to the electrified Mike that his visitor was no other than himself, and that he had practised the hoax, in order to decide a wager with mine host of the Boar's Head, who had bet a dozen of his choicest binn, that no one could get the better of shrewd Mike Wild, of the North End.

Faint's Comic Annual.

## A TALE OF THE MARTYRS.

Red Tam Harkness came into the farmhouse of Garrick, in the parish of Glosburn, one day, and began to look about for a place to hide in, when the good wife, whose name was Jane Kilpatrick, said to him in great alarm, "What's the matter, what's the matter, Tam Harkness?"

"Hide me or else I'm a dead man; that's the present matter good wife," said he. "But yet, when I have time, if ever I have mair time, I have heavy news for you. For mercy's sake hide me, Jane, for the killers are hard at hand."

Jane Kilpatrick sprang to her feet, but she was quite benumbed and powerless. She ran to one press, and opened it, and then to another; there was not room to stuff a dog in to either of them. She looked into the bed; there was no shelter there, and her knees began to plait under her weight with terror. The voices of the troopers were by this time heard fast approaching, and Harkness had no other shift but in one moment to conceal himself behind the outer door, which stood open, yet the place where he stood was quite dark. He heard one of them say to another, "I fear the scoundrel is not here after all. Guard the out-houses."

On that three or four of the troopers rushed by him, and began to search the house and examine the inmates. Harkness that moment slid out without being observed, and tried to escape up a narrow glen called Kurrivah, immediately behind the house; but unluckily two troopers, who had been in another chase, there met him in the face. When he perceived them he turned and ran to the eastward; on which they both fired which raised the alarm and instantly the whole pack were after him. It was afterwards conjectured that one of the shots had wounded him, though he, with others, had been nearly surrounded that morning and twice waylaid, he had quite outrun the soldiers; but now it was observed that some of them began to gain ground upon him and they still continued firing, till at length he fell in a kind of slough, east of the farmhouse of Lockerben, where they came up to him and ran him through with their bayonets. The spot is called Red Tam's Gutter to this day.

Jane Kilpatrick was one of the first who went to his mangled corpse—a woful sight, lying in the slough, and sore did she lament the loss of that poor and honest man. But there was more; she came to his corpse by a sort of yearning impatience to learn what was the woful news he had to communicate to her. But, alas! the intelligence was lost, and the man to whose bosom alone it had haply been confided was no more; yet Jane could scarcely prevail on herself to have any fears for her own husband, for she knew him to be in perfectly safe hiding in Glen-Gorur; still Tam's last words hung heavy on her mind. They were both suspected to have been at the harmless rising at Euterkin, for the relief of a favorite minister, which was affected; and that was the extent of their crime. And though it was only suspicion, four men were shot on the hills that morning, without trial or examination, and their bodies forbidden a christian burial.



One of these four was John Weir, of Garrick, the husband of Jane Kilpatrick, a man of great worth and honor, and universally respected. He had left his hiding place in order to carry some intelligence to his friends, and to pray with them, but was entrapped among them and slain. Still there was no intelligence brought to his family, save the single expression that fell from the lips of Thomas Harkness in a moment of distraction.—Nevertheless, Jane could not rest, but set out all the way to her sister's house in Glen Corran, in Crawford-muir, and arrived there at eleven o'clock on Sabbath evening. The family being at prayers when she went in, and the house dark, she stood behind the hallan, and all the time was convinced that the man that prayed was the voice of her husband, John Weir. All the time that fervent prayer lasted, the tears of joy ran from her eyes, and her heart beat with gratitude to her Maker as she drank into her soul every sentence of the petitions and thanksgiving. Accordingly when worship was ended, and the candle lighted, she went forward with a light heart and pious countenance; her sister embraced her, though manifestly embarrassed and troubled at seeing her there at such a time. From her she flew to embrace her husband, but he stood still like a statue, and did not meet her embrace. She gazed at him—he grew pale, and, sitting down, she covered her face with her apron. This man was one of her husband's brothers, likewise in hiding, whom she had never seen before, but the tones of his voice, and even the devotional expressions that he used, were so like her husband's, that she mistook them for his.

All was now grief and consternation, for John Weir had not been seen nor heard of there since Wednesday evening, when he had gone to warn his friends of some impending danger; but they all tried to comfort each other as well as they could; and in particular by saying, they were all in the Lord's hand, and it behoved him to do with them as seemed to him good, with many other expressions of piety and submission. But the next morning when the two sisters were about to part, the one says to the other, "Jane, I cannot help telling you a strange confused dream that I had just afore ye awakened me. Ye ken I put nae faith in dreams, and I dinna want you to regard it; but it is as good for friends to tell them to one another, and then, if aught turn out like in the course o' providence, it may bring it to baith their minds that their spirits had been conversing with God."

"Na, na, Aggie, I want nae o' your confused dreams. I hae other things to think o', and mony's the time an' o' ye hae deaved me with them, an' sometimes made me angry."

"I never bade ye believe them, Jeannie, but I like it naye to tell them to you, and this I dare say rase out o' our conversation yestreen. But I thought I was away, you see I dinna ken where I was; and I was fear'd and confused, thinking I had lost my way. An' then I came to an auld man, an' he says to me, 'Is it the road to heaven that ye are seeking, Aggie?'"

"An' I said 'Aye,' for I dinna like to deny it."

"Then I'll tell ye where ye maun gang," said he, "ye maun gang up by the head of yon dark, mossy cleugh, an' ye will find me there that will shew you the road to heaven!" and I said 'Aye,' for I dinna like to refuse, although it was an uncouth looking road, and ane that I dinna like to gang. But when I gangs to the cleugh, head wha does I see setting there but your aye good man, John Weir, and I thought I never saw him look so weel; and when I gaed close up to him, there I sees another John Weir, lying strippit to the sark, an' a' beddit in blood. He was cauld dead, and his head turned to the ae side; and then I saw siccan a sight, I was terrified, an' held wide off him. But I gangs up to the living John Weir, and says to him, 'Gude man, haw's this?'"

"Dinna you see how it is, sister Aggie?" says he, "I'm just set to herd this poor man that's lying here."

"Then I think ye'll no hae a sair post, John," says I, "for he disna look as he wad rin far away." It was a very unreverend speech of me, sister, but these were the words that I thought and said; an' as it is but a dream, ye ken ye needna heed it."

"Alas, poor Aggie!" says he, "ye are still in the gall o' bitterness yet. Look o'er your right shoulder, an' you will see what I hae to do." An' soe I looks o'er my right shoulder, an' there I sees a haild drove of foxes, an' wilecats, an' furmarts, an' martins, an' corbey baws, an' a hundred vile beasts, an' stanning round wi' glarin een, eager to be at the corpse o' the dead John Weir; an' then I was terribly astounded, an' I says to him, "Good man, how is this?"

"I am commissioned to keep these awn," says he, "do ye think that these een that are yet to be open in the light o' heaven, and that tongue that he has to syllable the praises of a Redeemer far within yon sky, should be left to become the prey o' siccan vermin as these?"

"Will it make sae vera muckle difference."

John Weir," says I, "whether the carcass is eaten up by these or by the worms?"

"Ah, Aggie, Aggie! worms are worms; but ye little wat what these things are," says he. "But John Weir has warred with them a' his life, an' that to some purpose, and they maunna get the advantage o' him now."

"But which is the right John Weir?" said I, "for there is aye lying stiff and lapped in his blood, and another in wealth and strength and sound mind?"

"I am the right John Weir?" said he. "Did you ever think the good man o' Garrick could die? Na, na, Aggie; Clavers can only kill the body, and that's the poorest part of a man. But where are you gaun this wild gate?"

"I was directed this way on my road to heaven," says I.

"Ay, an' ye were directed right then," says he, "for his is the direct path to heaven, and there is no other."

"That is very extraordinary," says I. "And pray what's the name of this place, that I may direct my sister Jane, your wife, and all my friends by the same way?"

"This is Faith's Hope," says he.

But behold at the mention of this place, Jane Kilpatrick of Garrick arose slowly up to her feet, and held up both her hands.—"Hold, hold, sister Aggie," cried she, "you have told enough. Was it in the head of Faith's Hope that you saw this vision of my dead husband?"

"Yes; but at the same time I saw your husband alive."

"Then I fear your dream has a double meaning," said she. "For though it appears like a religious allegory, you really do not know that there is such a place, and that not far from our house. I have often laughed at your dreams, sister, but this one hurries me from you to-day, with a heavy and trembling heart."

Jane left Glen Corran by the break of day, and took her way through the wild ranges of Crawford-muir, straight for the head of Faith's Hope. She had some bread in her lap, and a little bible that she always carried with her, and without any one to assist or comfort her, she went in search of her lost husband. Before she reached the head of that wild glen, the day was far spent, and the sun was wearing down. The valley of the Nith lay spread 'er below her, in all its beauty, but around her there was nothing but darkness, dread and desolation. The mists hovered on the hills, and on the skirts of the mists the ravens sailed about in circles, croaking furiously, which had a most ominous effect on the heart of poor Jane. As she advanced farther up, she perceived a fox and an eagle sitting over against each other, watching something which yet they seemed terrified to approach; and right between them, in a little green hollow, surrounded by black nagges, she found the corpse of her husband in the same manner as described by her sister. He was stripped of his coat and vest, which it was thought he had thrown from him when flying from the soldiers, to enable him to effect his escape. He was shot through the heart with two bullets, but nothing relating to his death was ever known, whether he died praying, or was shot as he fled; but there was he found lying, bathed in his blood, in the wilderness, and none of the wild beasts of the forest had dared to touch his lifeless form.

The bitterness of death was now passed with poor Jane. Her staff and shield was taken from her right hand, and laid low in death by the violence of wicked men. True, she had still a home to go to, although that home was robbed and spoiled, but she found that without him it was no home, and that where his beloved form reposed, that was the home of her rest. She washed all his wounds, and the stains of blood from his body, tied her napkin round his face, covered him with her apron, and sat down and watched beside him all the live long night, praying and singing hymns, and spiritual songs alternately. The next day she warned her friends and neighbors, who went with her on the following night, and buried him privately in the northwest corner of the churchyard of Morton.

#### A NIGHT IN A TOMB.

The following recital we put down from memory. It was given us some years ago by a friend and relation, who happened to be shut up with the dead for about twelve hours during his sojourn at Genoa.

"It was a delightful afternoon, and I had been sauntering from street to street, gazing in the shop windows, and marking with eager curiosity all that was worthy of notice. Tired of the noise and bustle of the city, the pressure of the crowd, and the continual pleading of beggars, I determined to take a stroll round the suburbs, and, if possible, indulge a glow of romance, which seldom fails to overtake travellers who sojourn in Italy. The sun was but a few degrees from the western horizon, and from north to south stretched a long, narrow cloud of a thousand hues, the nether edge of which looked like a stream of molten gold. The clear blue sky—the hallowed silence which seemed to rest upon hill and glen—the exhilarating incense that arose from the lap of nature, invited me forth, and I wandered, scarcely knowing which way I was bending my steps."

"I always loved to saunter in burial places; there is a pleasing kind of melancholy surrounding a tomb, which accords well with the long and solemn sleep of the dead. It is pleasant to contrast the simple epitaph of the humble and virtuous dead with the pompous escutcheons and gilded eulogies of the illustrious—to reflect on the unerring hand which places the humble one level with the proud—

the beggar with the king. I entered a burial ground by the side of the road, and contemplated the form and structure of every monument, musing without the aid of Hervey or Young, upon the mutability of human greatness. At the extreme end of the ground I observed a man at work, repairing an ancient and dilapidated vault; and, thinking I might have an opportunity of meditating on a skull, I advanced toward him—and for a while, conversed with him upon his occupation. The fellow was shrewd and witty, and like the grave-digger in Hamlet, tumbled the dry bones about as if they were clumps of wood. It was a tomb belonging to an ancient and illustrious family, I therefore entered it that I might take note of the manner in which it was arranged, and meditate more copiously on the perishable thing called Man."

A solemn silence, of course, reigned in the house of the dead, and the coffin, with their contents—the crumpling remnants of mortality, lay on each side, some still bearing the polish of the maker, others rotten and worm-eaten. I seated myself on one of them, and very naturally began to meditate on the frailty of human vanity, the little span of life, and the power of Death. My meditations might have filled volumes—beauty, wealth, honor, power, strength, vanity, deceit, virtue, valor—and hypocrisy, all lay on a common level before me—what they had been, I asked not, what they were, I knew. How long I meditated, I know not—but I fathomed the mysteries of the grave—I plunged into the bottom—days of eternity—I revolved with multitudes of departed spirits, and even scanned the laws of everlasting life. Suddenly a mist passed over my eyes, and I groined in midnight darkness; then again I was awakened before the awful Court of Death, and ghastly forms stood before me, while gibbering spectres yelled most unnatural sounds in my ears. I heard the rattling of dry bones, and the hollow growlings of unfledged souls that were preparing to enter the ghastly court. Lament streams of fire ever and anon darted before my vision, and gave me a bright glimpse of the glorious heaven that lay beyond the horrible tribunal before which I stood. I cannot describe the dreadful phantoms that beset me on all sides—the cold and bony fingers that grasped my hand and welcomed me among the eternal—the rattling jaws that pressed my cheeks, and the putrid smell of tongueless mouths! I screamed with horror and agony, but my screams were only echoed by a wild yell and unearthly clattering—I stood, in truth, a living one among the dead of ages—flesh among bones—vanity amidst nothingness. I would have fled, but horrid scoldings beset me on every side, and I stood passive until my flesh became animated, and thousands of living things crawled over my body, consuming it mine after mine until nothing was left but an anatomy of bone; my brains then began to wither, my eyes melt in their sockets, and my teeth rattle in the fleshless jaws—I stood alone the last fragment of mortality. Suddenly the earth gave way with a loud crash—and I awoke! but not in the blessed light—my weight had broken through the lid of the coffin, which I had stretched myself, and how many jumps and ribs of its senseless inmate I dislocated, I cannot say, for I did not take time to count them. My first thought, after wiping the cold sweat from my brow, was to make for the entrance of the sepulchre, but I was enveloped in total darkness and knew not which way to turn. I could hear the steady dripping of the water from the damp ceiling of the vault, and now and then the cheerless creak of a solitary tomb—at periods a low, rumbling noise like distant thunder was heard above, and then the solemn peal of the convent clock as it tolled out twelve—the dread hour when restless spirits are said to stalk forth, when the church yard yawns and its ghastly tenants wander over the earth. I turned to the right, and my hand fell upon the lid of a stone coffin—the lid quaked back to my feet; it was empty—it was no dream—and I was embodied alive! Oh! the agony of that moment, home, friends and the most trifling enjoyments of life were now a thousand times more dear to me than they ever had been. To starve to death—to consume those with the dead—and to be helped to a sepulchre before my time, were thoughts not in the least comforting. I turned to the left, in hopes of finding the door, and I stumbled over skulls and rotten bones—horrors upon horrors! cold drops ran down my cheeks, and I trembled, though at the time I was assailed by my fears. Thus the whole night passed, thought after thought, and dread after dread. In the morning the vault door opened, and the glorious light of the rising sun burst in upon me—I never bled it with more joy; and after a few hearty curses upon the workman for his carelessness in locking me up in so uncomfortable a domicile, I made the best of my way home, determining never again to meditate among the tombs."

Baltimore Mercury.

**Suit against Charles X.** It may be recollected that some months since, soon after the arrival of Charles X. in Edinburgh, a suit was commenced against him, by Count Platenhoffen, for 30,000*l.* furnished him during his former exile, which the Count was unable to get during his reign. A letter from Edinburgh, dated January 26, says:

"The Count Platenhoffen, faithful to his attachment to Charles X. has begged and entreated him to consent to an arrangement, and to avoid the scandal of proceedings which must reveal facts that Louis XVIII. would have been obliged to him to have kept secret—But Charles X. has remained obstinate, and resists paying a debt, both binding in common honor and honesty, and which his own counsel told him he ought to liquidate from feelings of justice and gratitude. In consequence of his refusal the summons issued against the ex-King will be called on at the Court of Sessions upon the 31st of January; and upon the 1st of February, the most Christian ex-King will reveal what is to terrify us, for it is well known that the Count Platenhoffen, disliking that those disclosures should come from him, has followed the advice of his counsel, and will proceed by interrogatories, so that it must be Charles X. himself who will unveil facts heretofore kept in obscurity."

Lord Lyndhurst has been sitting for some days past in the little Hall of Grey's inn, where his lordship's court presented a marked contrast with that over which he lately presided.—His lordship is seated at a table on the floor of the hall, with the officers of the court near him: the rest of the family party (for it really looks like one) being composed of some half-dozen barristers, an equal number of attorney, two or three attorneys' clerks, and perhaps a solitary spectator! There are no noisy interruptions, no calls for silence; indeed, Gray's inn Hall appears to be a perfect terra incognita to those worthy gossips whose "sweet voice" have proved a source of so much annoyance to Lord Brougham, at Lincoln's inn.

**Singular Phenomenon.** Before the Artesian wells were in use, the inhabitants of Thairi, in Savoy, wishing to procure water, dug, in 1825, a well in that commune. They could not find a sufficiently abundant source for their wants; but in default of water, this well, by a curious singularity, exhibits all the variations of the atmosphere, and almost obviates the necessity of a barometer to indicate the weather. If the vicinity of Thairi is menaced with hail or snow, an impetuous wind rushes from it like a torrent, which carries with it stones and pieces of rock, and the wind lasts as long as the snow and hail is likely to fall, and indicates the quantity, when this wind is about to manifest itself. When the wind rushes from it suddenly, in a single gust and with violence, it indicates an approaching storm. When the weather is fine, and the north wind dominates, the well is tranquil and the air is in a state of stagnation. Several naturalists, attracted by these marvellous effects, have sought to explain the cause of them, and the academical bodies of the men of science of Turin, Chamberi, and Grenoble, have visited the spot, and, by various experiments, established the fact that the well possesses the properties here attributed to it.—*Le Voleur*.—The burning well at Hindly, in Lancashire, is too well known to need any description. It does not appear to have any connexion with the weather. There is, however, at rainhill, in this county, a boiling well, which, although not described in any printed work that we have seen, is very well entitled to the attention of the public, and of scientific men in particular. Mr. Samuel Pownall, who lives on the spot, has kept a manuscript journal of this phenomenon, from 1821 to 1829, with occasional interruptions. He has committed his journal of about 200 quarto pages, to our inspection in confidence, and it appears to us to be a great curiosity. The writer and his neighbors, as well as some scientific gentlemen who have visited the well, are firmly persuaded that the various noises, which it emits have some connexion with the weather, as effect and cause. These noises resemble boiling, hissing, and the sound produced by bell cutting. We are of opinion that Mr. Pownall's journal, if examined by some ingenious and scientific gentleman, might lead to interesting meteorological results; and as our Railway passes the immediate neighborhood of the well, we trust that the phenomenon will soon be investigated by some gentleman competent to offer an opinion upon the subject.

Edis Mercury.

**Miss Fortune.** Eldest daughter to Goody Fortune, is a lady of very general acquaintance, but one of whom very few can make a friend, and with whose society most persons would willingly dispense.

Born of a good family, she is still little acquainted with good breeding, for I have ever noticed, that her presence interrupts the harmony of any party. What is singular, those who have known her longest seem to shun her most, from which it must be inferred, that she does not improve upon acquaintance; notwithstanding which, they feel little hesitation in introducing her even among their best friends. Being somewhat old, she still possesses strong affections, and where once she takes a liking, is pretty steady in her attachment, although few feel flattered by her fidelity.

Her circle of acquaintance is great; yet none speak well of her, which is the more to be wondered at, as many appear evidently improved by her society. It is proverbially true, that long time seldom elapses betwixt her visits, so that if she breakfasts with you in the morning, you may safely reckon upon her taking a bed with you at night. To gain her own ends, she can clothe her face in the most winning smiles; but if observed, her deportment will be found, in general, grave, her voice querulous, and her aspect forbidding.

**The New Cap.** The beautiful effects of what some people stigmatize by the name of luxuries or superfluities, is well exemplified in a simple little story related by Dr. Franklin. "The skipper of a shallop," he says, "employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new fashioned cap. Three years after, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it. But, said he, it proved a dear cap to our congregation. How so?—When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia; and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than a hundred pounds. True, said the farmer, but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was, nevertheless, an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; and you know that that industry has continued, and is likely to continue, and increase to a much greater value, and to answer better purposes. Upon the whole, I was more reconciled for this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happy by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."



## THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1831.

## CELESTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER III.

Fumfum, The Moon, 29th Glinding, }  
A. H. L. 5001. }

Sir—

I will now attempt to give you some account of Religion, Law and Medicine, as at present exercised in this land of the Moon. The principal religious sects are three—namely, the Humdrums, the Fluttermums, and the Riproarers. Besides these, there are a multitude of minor denominations, who differ from the three great divisions less in the essentials of faith, than in certain peculiar modes of practice—a leading article of belief with all of them being this, to wit—that two and two make five.

The Humdrums are the most ancient order of religionists, and claim to be alone in the right way. They maintain that all other denominations are worse than Gubugub, the Prince of Mischief; that Gogo, the head of their order, is infallible, and that all the wrong he does is perfectly right; that no water is fit to drink until he has dipped his hands in it; that all evil deeds may be compounded for by giving liberally to Gogo and his agents; and that all such as do not compound liberally for their sins, or drink the waters of the Moon before they have been purified by the hands of Gogo, shall finally and inevitably be delivered over to Gubugub, the Prince of Mischief, to be dealt with forever according to his sovereign will and pleasure.

The essential points contended for by the Fluttermums, are, that whatever a man does he is irresistibly compelled to do; and that, consequently, if he does wrong in the smallest particular, he is utterly inexcusable, and deserves to be handed over without mercy to Gubugub, the Prince of Mischief; that a little sin is of equal magnitude with a big one, and that the stealing of a pin should be punished with the same severity as robbing the Bank of Fumfum; that nobody is right who does not believe in the doctrines of the Fluttermums; that moral honesty is the very worst sort of religious policy; that it is of very little consequence what a man does, so he is firm in the faith; that the people of Mercury, Venus, Mars, and all the other planets, are as blind as a beetle, and that no expense should be spared to bring them over to the Fluttermum faith; and, finally, that nine million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of all the inhabitants of the universe, will inevitably fall into the hands of Gubugub, the Prince of Mischief.

The Riproarers, which are now a numerous and increasing sect, are not nearly so distinguished for the depth of their creed, as the Fluttermums. But what is wanting in the darkness and depth of their faith, is made up in the noise and the acidity of their practice. They believe there is no sincere religion without a great deal of sound and fury; that in their acts of worship, the people should rant, rip and rend, till the very moonshine trembles about their ears; that they should never smile, and that vinegar is the only proper drink; that they should sit upon thorns, and walk with pebbles in their shoes; that all pleasure is pain, and that the chief end of every lunatic is, to be a Riproarer; and, finally, that Gubugub, the Prince of Mischief, will get all such as do not rant, rip and roar, and perform all and sundry of the requirements, as laid down in their codes of faith and practice.

But here, as among you, fashion has no little sway in religion. Of the above-mentioned denominations, the most fashionable are unquestionably the Fluttermums; though the Humdrums, being the most ancient, are unwilling to acknowledge this. As to the Riproarers, they claim nothing on the score of fashion, and rather pride themselves on belonging to the most plain and humble class. His Potency, the Man in the Moon, is decidedly a Fluttermum; while his three daughters are believed to be rather inclining to the Humdrums. The editor of the Lunar Gazette professes to belong to the Riproarers; but this is supposed to be a mere matter of policy, in order to curry favor with that numerous and growing sect.

Among the minor denominations, are the Nipnasalists, who deem that all acceptable worship consists in sitting, a portion of every day, with a split stick on the ends of their noses; and the purity and strength of their religion is believed to be in exact proportion to the force with which they allow their noses to be pinched.

Another of the minor sects is called the Gumfumbler. They suppose that inasmuch as all things were created for the enjoyment of mankind, it is a virtue of the highest order to mortify the

desires of the creature; and that inasmuch as teeth are convenient for masticating their food, so the deprivation of those instruments cannot be otherwise than acceptable to the being whom they worship; and therefore every true and faithful Gumfumbler is obliged to have his teeth knocked out, as a prerequisite to full trust and communion.

A third sect are denominated the Whirlhoppers; and their mode of worship consists chiefly in holding the left foot in the right hand, while they whirl round like a top; and again, in holding the right foot in the left hand, while they hop one after another in circular movements around a room.—And the reward of these exercises is supposed to depend on the zeal and dexterity with which they are performed.

A fourth sect are called the Anti-Lac-Lunatics, and derive their name from their opposition to the use of the *Lac lane*, as a beverage. But it would far exceed my limits, to name the half of the different denominations, into which the inhabitants of the Moon are divided, and who all consider themselves as the only true and faithful believers.

Of the science and profession of Law, as practised among the lunatics, you will not expect me to say much; and even, in the little you do expect, perhaps you will be disappointed, for the laws are framed with such a prudent regard to obscurity that neither lawyers, judges nor juries can ever arrive at their true meaning; and the consequence is, that after a great deal of legal acumen displayed by the bench and the bar, the juries usually decide the causes by the turning of a mooncoin.

But this obscurity of the laws, while it proves so great a puzzle to all concerned, is the pride and interest of the lawyers, who pay very particular attention to what is denominated in the expressive language of the Moon, *Twistcumtwirlcumquiddlecumquize*—or hunting the snake—which consists in attempting to catch the meaning of the law, by chasing it through all its turnings and windings, and fairly running it down. But I am credibly informed, that the most successful twistcumtwirlcumquiddlecumquizzical pladers have never yet been able to see more than the tail of the snake.

I will give you the form of an indictment, which I took down in short hand at a late trial in the sublime Court of Mumfumbler, for biting the thumb at a person in office, which is accounted a high crime, and is punished by breaking a candle over the shins of the culprit; which candle may be either of wax or tallow, according to the aggravation of the offence.

## INDICTMENT.

“The Grand Inquest of the Magnificent city of Fumfum do on their oath present: That, Daniel Goripper, journeyman Tailor, of the Magnificent city of Fumfum aforesaid, being instigated, incited, excited, pushed on, set on, and stirred up by Gubugub the Prince of Mischief, and not having the fear of the Man in the Moon before his visual sight, did, on the 13 day of Glinding, A. H. L. five thousand and one, in the magnificent city of Fumfum aforesaid, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M. then and there being, saucily, wickedly, irreverently, maliciously, provokingly, wilfully, shamefully, disgracefully, outrageously, tetotally, contemptuously, wantonly, and with malice prepense, on the day and on the hour aforesaid, in the Magnificent city of Fumfum aforesaid, then and there being, the thumb of his right hand into his mouth insert, and then and there, the said thumb in the said mouth, saucily, wickedly, irreverently, maliciously, provokingly, wilfully, shamefully, disgracefully, outrageously, tetotally, contemptuously, wantonly, and with malice prepense, bite, nip, grip, chaw and masticate, contrary to the laws of the Dominion of the Moon, and the good order, the peace and dignity of the Magnificent city of Fumfum aforesaid.”

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to mention here, that the culprit, though defended by very able counsel, was convicted. The case being considered a very aggravated one, he was sentenced to have a wax candle, of the weight of one pound, broken over his shins. The sentence was executed the next day but one, in presence of a vast concourse of the citizens of Fumfum, who gave many of them as high as five moonies—about three dollars and three quarters of your money—for a seat to witness the operation. Of the whole multitude, it is estimated that about three fourths were ladies. Even the prejudices of party seemed to give way before the desire of being present on so interesting an occasion; and Step-todians and Step-heedians were seen actually mingled together, all eager to witness the scene.

The criminal bore his punishment with great firmness, not being heard, during the whole infliction, to utter a single groan or make a wry face; but, on the contrary, with the most remarkable nonchalance, bit his thumb all the while, as much as to say—I don't care that for you! The opera-

tion lasted three hours and forty nine minutes; the candle having been fabricated of the best of wax, and the executioner being a man of extraordinary skill in his profession.

The punishment of breaking the candle, consists, not in the weight, but in the lightness of the strokes, whereby the candle is a long time in breaking, and the unfortunate shins are battered to a jelly in the operation. Being curious to ascertain the number of strokes inflicted in the above case, I held my watch in my hand during the operation, and found that each stroke took up two seconds, making, by exact computation, the number of 6870 strokes for the whole infliction.

What I have to say here on the subject of Medicine, I shall despatch in few words. I will begin by observing, that there are two diseases particularly prevalent among the inhabitants of the Moon: These are, *Exsplutteration* and the *Mulligrubs*—most other complaints being, in some way or another, connected with these two. *Exsplutteration* is a very troublesome disease, consisting mostly in a breaking out of the mouth, and a rapid and violent motion of the tongue, which is never still for a moment during the paroxysms of the disease. The Mulligrubs, on the contrary, are distinguished by the perfect immobility of the tongue, to which is added the drawing down of the eye-brows, twisting the mouth, and pressing the hands on the region of the stomach. These two diseases sometimes alternate with each other in the same patient, commencing in *exsplutteration* and ending in *mulligrubs*, and vice versa.

The chief attention of physicians, as you would naturally suppose, has been turned to the cure of these two diseases. It was the grand desideratum to invent a medicine, which should prove a specific and certain cure. Many have been the attempts to accomplish this laudable purpose; but it was reserved for one Doctor Toadstool, a late emigrant from the earth, to be the inventor of the grand remedy—the “*Universal Inevitable Operative Panaceatic Catholicon*”—for which he immediately obtained letters patent, giving the sole privilege to the said Doctor Toadstool and his agents, of administering the said “*Universal Inevitable Operative Panaceatic Catholicon*.”

The lunatics were in high hopes at this extraordinary invention, and flattered themselves, that mulligrubs and *exsplutteration* would soon be banished from the borders of the Moon. But here was one difficulty, which neither the sage inventor nor his friends had foreseen—it was impossible to make the patients take the medicine. The tongues of the *exsplutterators* could not be kept in subjection long enough to allow them to swallow it; while the mulligrubites utterly refused to open their mouths long enough to admit the medicine.

The opposers of the newly invented Panaceatic Catholicon, among whom were the professors and students of the Medical College of Fumfum, laughed immoderately at the joke; but the skilful and enterprising inventor, being determined not to be baffled thus, has petitioned for a law to compel the patients severally to open their mouths and hold their tongues still, until the medicine shall be fairly down their throats—in default of which the legal and duly authorized practitioners are to be empowered to make use of such force, as in their wisdom shall be deemed necessary to the effectual administration of the said medicine.

I remain, &amp;c.

PETER PENDERGRASS.

NICE PEOPLE. We like to see nice people, that is to say, pretty nice—but not a troublesome or unprofitable degree. We like to see a gentleman with a well brushed coat; but we would not advise him to brush it so as to make it threadbare. We admire a pair of well-polished boots; but we should not think it advisable to polish them to such a degree as to form a mirror for all the cats, dogs and monkeys to see their faces in. We think it necessary to every man's comfort and decency to have a clean set of teeth; but we should account it worse than labor lost to brush them so as to take off the enamel. We like to see a man's whiskers neatly cut—that is to say, cut off; but we should think a man poorly employed, who spent all his time in trimming his whiskers. We admire a neatly setting shirt collar—not false, but we would not have a man perpetually pulling up his collar to make it set well.

We like to see a lady exceedingly nice; that is, in every thing that concerns the propriety or comfort of her household. In fact, it seems to us that a woman can scarcely be too nice in the matter of cookery, the arrangement of the table, and general cleanliness of the house. In personal neatness, she cannot be too exact—not that she should spend her time before the glass—which indeed is not apt to be the case with a lady who is habitually neat.

But with all this we would have a woman avoid all troublesome and ridiculous nicety. For a lady to whitewash the walls of her house, is both pleasant, healthy and sweet; but to whitewash the wood she burns, is more nice than wise. Sand, skilfully spread on a floor, looks wonderfully nice; but it is exceedingly inconvenient in a bed-room; and is, on any floor, neither more nor less than a nice species of dirt. It is very praiseworthy to put things in their right place; but the dispositions, which some nice housewives possess, to be always “putting things to rights,” is monstrously vexatious and troublesome, when exercised in the sanctum sanctorum of a man's study, by carefully disarranging his papers, and wrongly putting his literary matters to rights.

## A SPIRITED LAD.

Two lads in the country were playing beside a brook, which was some three feet deep, and five times as many broad.

Peter.—Jack, you dars'nt jump over this'er brook here.

Jack.—I dars'nt! What'll you bet now?

Peter.—I wont bet nothin—but I know you dars'nt.

Jack.—Do you say that in jest or in earnest?

Peter.—I say it in earnest.

Jack.—You do?

Peter.—Yes, and I stump you to it, besides.

Jack.—You stump me, hey? Wal, you shall see then.

So saying, Jack, with a zeal worthy of a better fate, ran, and jumping with all his might, found himself in the middle of the stream, and up to his chin in water.

Jack.—There, by gorry, what do you think of that, hey?

Peter.—Ha, ha, ha! Why, you've got more spunk than I thought you had.

Jack waded out of the brook and went home as wet as a drowned rat, when he was called to an account for his dripping condition.

Mother.—Why, Jack, where have you been to?

Jack.—No where, but in the middle of the brook [Sullenly.]

Mother.—In the middle of the brook, child? how came you there?

Jack.—Why, Pete Piliwog—

Mother.—The villain!—did he push you in?

Jack.—He! who, Pete Piliwog? I should like to catch him pushing me in! He knows better than to undertake that.

Mother.—How did you get in, then?

Jack.—Why, I jumped in.

Mother.—You jumped in!

Jack.—To be sure I did. Pete Piliwog told me I dars'nt—and, by gorry, I'm not the boy to take a stump!

“ANECDOTE.” Two gentlemen were breakfasting at a tavern, where there happened to be three boiled eggs on the table. To divide these equally, would have been much like making two bites of a cherry; and to divide them unequally, would have been unfair. Such being the state of the case, one of the gentlemen laid a plan for the monopoly.

“Are not those good eggs?” said D, as he saw T turning up his nose at one which he had just broken. “They're no better than they ought to be,” replied T, with a shrug.

“If that's the case” said D “the d—I may eat them, for me!”

“Thank you, sir, I'll eat them for you,” returned T, as he coolly broke the remaining two upon his plate.

“What the d—I do you mean, sir?” exclaimed D. “Didn't you just tell me that they were bad eggs?”

“I said, they were no better than they ought to be,” replied T.—“but I didn't say they were not as good as they ought to be; and since you refused to touch them, I'll endeavor to make the best I can of them.”

MARCH OF PHRENOLOGY. Lewis George Wells, a colored man, has issued proposals in Baltimore, for lecturing on phrenology—admission 12 1-2 cents. We suppose Cuffee will “shear off de wool, afore demonstrate a brack a man's head—odderwise de bumps will be too much involepe.” Query?—Will he demonstrate “de bump on de shin?”

Among the specimens of poetry with which the lobbies and passages of the City Hall are adorned, in charcoal and pencil mark, is the following:

“The lawyers all, both great and small,

Come here to cheat the people,

For, be it known, that Justice's flown,

And sits upon the steeple.”

\* The figure of Justice on the enopla.

**THE MODERNS.**—On Monday evening, Mr. Hackett brought out, at the Park, a Comedy by the above title, in three acts. It was offered among others for his prize of \$300, and we understand was considered second best. The principal character, framed on purpose for Mr. Hackett, is "Melodious Migrate, P. O. P. & S. F. C.," which initials, being interpreted, signify, Professor of Psalm-Singing and Schoolmaster from Connecticut. The play is as full of low and stale jokes as one could desire.

The Comedy, which received the prize, is soon to be produced; and from the talents and reputation of the author, Mr. Paulding, we have a right to expect something more worthy of the stage.

**ROMANCE OF HISTORY.** The third Series of "The Romance of History," by Leitch Ritchie, has just appeared from the Press of Messrs J. & J. Harper. It consists of sketches, the scenes of which are derived from French history; and as France is at present a subject of strong interest, even on this side of the Atlantic, any thing relating to the remarkable and distinguished personages of that country will be looked for with more than ordinary curiosity. Of the literary execution of this work we need say nothing to those who have read the former series.

#### ON A LADY,

Who, for the third time, prosecuted for a Breach of Marriage Promise.

The tender heart of Julia Ann  
Has thrice been rent by cruel man,  
And thrice took legal stitches.

But who can blame the tender maid,  
That she should fly to legal aid  
To help her mend the breaches?

For as the costly stuffs of old  
Were stitched with threads of shining gold,  
So here 'tis only gold-thread can  
Stitch up the heart of Julia Ann.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a country bumpkin, in a great passion,  
Like a woman mending a stocking? D'ye give it up? Because he "darns it!"

Why is the letter D like brotherly love? D'ye give it up? Because it makes *kin kin* (d).

Why is the letter P like water? D'ye give it up? Because it makes *ate* (p) *ale*.

Why is the letter G like envy? D'ye give it up? Because it turns *all* to (g) *all*.

[For the Constellation.]

#### A POETICAL EPISTLE,

From Sally Trot to Enoch Timberlake.

Dear Enoch, 'tis a mortal while

Since I have heard from you,—  
Why can't you, when you write to Tim,  
Send me a letter too?

I've been a hoping every mail,  
That's come since you left home,  
Had got so many letters in,  
That it would bring me home.

But I suppose the city gals  
Have turned your head around,  
And that you'd be ashamed to see  
Me hoe the 'tater ground:  
Yet many's the day that you and I  
Have tended hay together,  
And hand in hand have scampered home  
In sudden rainy weather.

When did I ever yet refuse  
To have you for my bean?  
When did I ever to the bail  
With any other go?

You know I always loved you more  
Than any other man,  
You know I love you now, as much  
As any woman can.

And, Enoch, not to write a word—  
I say it is too bad:

You ought to know a single line  
Would make your Sally glad:

I've half a mind to let it drop—  
The tear that's in my eye:—

But no—I won't—it shant be said  
You ever made me cry.

I spose that as the tarnal gals  
In York have stole your heart,  
You always wear your Sunday clothes  
To make them think you're smart:

But that it may remind you how  
You looked when you was here,

I send you back your profile now,  
That you may see it clear.

I know that you dont care a bit  
If I do send it back,

I've let it fall—you'll see the glass  
Has got a little crack!—

It looks as natral as the hogs,  
Just as you used to be,  
When you got smarted up to go  
And take a walk with me.

If when you've looked at it awhile,  
Your heart again should warm,  
For her upon whose heart is writ  
Your very face and form—

If you should have a kindly thought,  
For her who loves you still,  
You'll sit right down and with your pen  
A sheet of paper fill:

You'll write a long, long letter then,  
And tell me all about

How you get on, and how you live—  
Where you go in and out;

And, Enoch, if you do repent,  
n say you love me now,

I'll b'lieve it just as much as if  
I saw you make your bow.

And, Enoch, if you write to me,  
Perhaps 't would be as well,

To send the profile back again,  
And then we needn't tell

The old folks that I ever thought  
Or feared you had forgot,

That there was such a gal alive,  
As your own SALLY TROT.

Down East, April the 19, 1831.

#### A LAUGHABLE STORY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The Count Hohenlohe, on his death bed, gave a musqueteer his letter-case, to deliver it to his banker, whom the infatuation of pleasures had prevented him from seeing. He had made no use of his bills of credit, as death had not given him time to spend the ready money he had brought with him. The poor young man having given his last sigh, the musqueteer made the necessary preparation for his funeral. While things were in this situation, there arrived two English noblemen at the same house. They were placed in a chamber adjoining that in which the dead body was laid out, and out of which it had been removed. They could only allow one bed for them both, all the others being engaged; but as the weather was cold, and they were friends, they made no difficulty of lying together.

In the middle of the night, one of the two not being able to sleep, and growing weary of his bed, arose in order to amuse himself in the kitchen, where he heard some people talking. He had diverted himself there for some time, when being willing to return from whence he came, he again went up stairs; but instead of entering his own chamber, went into that of the deceased Count over whose face they had only thrown a cloth. There is not so much ceremony used in France, in the management of their dead, as in England and Germany; for they are there satisfied with shewing their affections to the living.

The English nobleman having put out his candle, laid down boldly by the defunct; when creeping as close to him as possible, in order to warm himself, and finding his bed-fellow colder than himself, he began to mutter—"What the devil's the matter, my friend? You are as cold as ice; I will lay a wager, cold as you are, you would have been warm enough if you had but seen the pretty girl that is below stairs. Come, you may take my word for it," added he, pulling him by the arm; "come, zounds! stir; I'll engage you shall have her for a guinea." While he was holding this fine conversation with the dead, who, detached from the things of this world, did not even give himself the trouble of making a reply, his chamber door was opened, which made him raise his head from the pillow to see who was coming in: but judge what must be his surprise, when he saw a servant lighting in a joiner, who carried a coffin on his shoulder! He thought at first that he had been in a dream; but looking about him, and seeing the visage of one who had not spoke a word, a visage overspread with a mortal paleness, he made but one jump from the bed into the middle of the chamber. The joiner and the maid were immediately persuaded that it was the corpse, who, being unwilling to be shut up in the coffin, was now playing his gambols. Their legs were unable to move with a swiftness proportionable to their fears; and the joiner, maid, coffin and candlesticks, rolled over one another from the top of the stairs down into the kitchen. "Zounds! what are you all about?" cried the landlord. "What, is the devil flying away with the dead man?" "Mercy on us!" cried the maid, quite chop-fallen, "it is rather the dead man would run away with us." "I am the son of a b—h," said the joiner, "if that dead man there has any more occasion

for a coffin than I have! Why, he has got into the middle of the room, and has just struck up a horn-pipe." "The devil he has!" cried the landlord, "faith we will soon see that."

While all the family were trembling and getting ready to follow the master of the house, the English nobleman, who had found again his chamber, had slipped into the bed quite out of breath; and his friend having asked him where he had been, he answered, "Justling with a dead body."—"Shlood! a dead body! It had perhaps the plague!" cried he, jumping, in his turn, out of bed, and running to the door to call for a light. The landlord, landlady, and servants, were passing through the gallery, and no sooner saw him, than they imagined it was the dead man who appeared again. What confusion! what shrieks! what clamors! The Englishman, terrified at the hideous noise, ran into his room, and slipped into bed to his companion, without the least fear of catching the plague.

The musqueteer arrived at the time appointed for the funeral. Twenty voices at a time related to him the dead man's behaviour in the night; and he was of too humorous a disposition not to strengthen still more the frightful ideas they had imbibed.

The funeral being performed, and the priest, sexton, servants and landlord paid, the musqueteer went two days after to pay a visit to the banker. He sent in word that he came by the desire of the Count de Hohenlohe, as it was natural he should, to deliver up his effects; but the good man understood that it was that young lord himself. He had been extremely impatient to see him, and we may easily imagine with what tender eagerness he ran to the person he took for him, as well as the astonishment of the musqueteer to find himself stifled in the arms of the old man, whom he suspected of being arrived at years of dotage.

What a strange incident! He at last discovered the banker was under a mistake, and had taken him for the Count; on which he resolved to personate him, and to form his behaviour on the error of the people of the inn, as to his return from the other world. "Quick," cried the banker, "a chair for my lord the Count. Adsbub, how old you make me!" added he; when I left my lord, your father's court, you was but just so high. Pray, dear, my lord, sit in that easy chair." "It is no matter," said the musqueteer, "for I must return back into the other world." "What do you mean?" said the good man; "have you a mind to joke with me? My dear, have you given orders for the bringing of a bottle of champagne for us to be drinking while we wait for supper?" "Sir," said the musqueteer, interrupting him in a dejected air, "the dead do not drink; and I drank so much while I was alive, that I am to suffer the penance of not drinking now I am dead." "Odds heart!" cried the good man, "I see very well that my lord the Count is a wag, for he has a mind to persuade me that he is dead, and then to rally me for believing it. Come, come," continued he, "let me show you the apartment I have prepared for you." "Alas, sir!" replied the pretended Count, "I have one in St. Eustache's church-yard, where I am buried." "But really, now," said the banker, "what does all this mean? Pray put an end to all this disagreeable raillery, and taste the wine." "Upon my conscience, I cannot!" replied the false Hohenlohe; "the dead, as I have told you, have lost all relish for it."

The banker's wife, who had laid down her work, and through her spectacles was examining with fear and trembling the pretended spirit, said in a low voice, "I have heard a great deal about apparitions; if this should be one!" "My dear, I know better," replied the old man with a good deal of confusion. "Yes, sir," resumed the musqueteer, "I died in the city of Rouen, at a house near the new bridge, and am buried in St. Eustache's church-yard. If you desire a fuller proof of it, here is my letter case which I have brought with me, with a bill of credit for ten thousand crowns. Here is also a purse, in which are thirty louis d'ors. You may be sensible that a young man, if he was not dead, would not tender you this money, since that is a thing he can never have too much of; but at present, instead of money, wine, and women, (which are very good at Paris,) I have occasion for nothing but prayers."

At these words the pretended deceased made his escape from the banker, who almost resolved to run after him, was left in very great astonishment at such a visit. As to the wife she was extremely terrified; she maintained that they had been talking with a spirit, and confirmed this opinion by asserting, that when he went out he had eyes of fire. The banker, on his side, insisted upon it that his wife was a fool; and that by some accident or other, unknown to him, the Count had lost his senses; and therefore, to satisfy

himself on this point, went to get better information at the city of Rouen. As soon as he arrived in the place, he asked the mistress of the house to tell him whether he might see the Count de Hohenlohe. "Alas!" replied she in a doleful tone, "he is dead, and is buried in St. Eustache's." At the word Eustache, the banker started, and continued shrunk all of a heap; but at last recovering himself, he followed the good old woman into the chamber where the deceased had been laid, when the first thing that struck his sight was a coat like that in which the musqueteer had appeared at his house, and which the young count had ordered to be made in imitation of it. There needed no more to convince the banker that the count was really dead. "Bless me madam!" said he to the landlady. "Look? see! there is the coat he had on when he came to bring me this letter case and these keys." "Lord ha! mercy!" cried she, he walks still then. The poor young man suffers sorely; aye, and I will warrant has great need of prayers. It is these cursed ladies of Paris that have thrust him into purgatory." "Explain yourself, madam," said the old man; "did he appear in your house as well as mine?" "Appear, aye, marry did he!" replied the hostess; why "we really thought that the evening before he was buried, he would have turned the house upside down, and we should never have been able to get him into the grave."

The banker no sooner returned home than, sinking into an arm chair he continued looking wildly at his wife. She was terrified, and did not cease importuning him with her questions. At last he cried out, "there is nothing more true than he is dead, and walks about every where. I have seen the coat he had on when he came." "Oh! Oh!" cried the banker's wife seeking her gloves and muff, "no longer will I stay in this house. I stay in a house that is haunted by dead ghosts! No, sir, do not think any such matter; these are the visits that your fine acquaintance with the Lords of Hohenlohe have brought upon you!"

This said, she ran to communicate her fears and apprehensions to a neighbor. The mistress of the lodging, on her side, set up her threat against her husband, telling him that she would stay no longer in a house where she was exposed to the insults of the dead, and that all their customers would go and lodge elsewhere, for as how they would not care to have a ghost live amongst them or make a jest of them by his frolics. As to the musqueteer, he hugged himself, and it was comical enough to see him inquire coolly into the circumstances of an affair of which he was the hero; taking care, however not to appear before the banker.

**William the Fourth.** Prince William was refused leave to quit his ship at Cork, for the purpose of visiting Dublin; and at Plymouth, the absence of invitation from the king, or leave from the admiralty, apprised him that his presence was not desired at Buckingham House. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York joined and passed some days with him at Plymouth, which for the time was enlivened by festivities and illuminations. Prince William could not obtain leave to quit his ship; but it was said that, like a true sailor, he consoled himself by falling in love. The supposed object of his affection was a young lady named Wynne, the daughter of a merchant. He was passing his time very agreeably at Plymouth, when a sudden order sent him to sea again, in command of the Andromeda, with Admiral Gower. The motive of this order was to separate him from the lady, and a trick was, at the same time, played, upon him by the admiralty. His ship, when he sailed not being provided for a foreign station he supposed himself only going on a short cruise. When the day came for the separation of the Andromeda from the squadron, he was informed, that his destination was the West Indies, and that, to prevent the delay of his returning for stores the Andromeda, should be provided from some of the other ships, which "had luckily brought out proper supply." He obeyed the signal for parting walked the deck in no very tranquil mood, "muttered a prayer or two," with more energy than devotion, for the first lord of the admiralty, and ordered the master to direct his course for Antigua. Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library.

**Strict Interpretation.** John, said a gentleman the other day, I am going to Church, and if, as it now has the appearance, it should rain, I wish you to come with the umbrella for me; however, you need not come unless it should "rain down straight." The gentleman went—a did rain, but according to John's construction of his orders, it was not necessary, from the appearance of the rain, to go with the umbrella. While standing at the door, watching the weather, he was not a little astonished to see his master approaching the house with drenched garments, and a look of implacable anger. John? John? said the good man, why didn't you bring the umbrella? Because, Sir, replied John, it rained slanting. Boston Transcript.



## POETRY.

From the Providence Patriot.

## APRIL FOOL!!

The farmer rose to stir the fire,  
The poker burned his bony fingers;  
The parson whispered to the choir,  
And found a row of wooden singers;  
The weary man sat down to rest,  
And squatted in a tub of water,  
Then in a fit of rage addressed  
An apparition of his daughter.  
The toper went to drink his dram,  
And drank a dose of spermaceti;  
The miller looked into his dam,  
And found no water—what a pity;  
The lover went to kiss his dear,  
And kissed his petticoated brother;  
And Dolly made the coffee clear,  
And poured hot water for her mother.  
The Doctor tried to go to bed,  
And found the sheets were fastened double,  
The pillows vanished from his head,  
And left him in a deal of trouble;  
And in the middle of the night,  
His bed was lifted to the ceiling,  
And left the man in such a fright,  
A fortnight after found him reeling.  
The coachman's horses started on,  
And left the hackney coach to follow,  
A dozen carts a hill upon,  
Were found next morning in a hollow;  
The barber's pole was fastened to  
The dwelling of a noted broker;  
And toddy-blossoms overgrew  
The clear face of a sleeping soaker.  
The chamber door was opened wide,  
Down came a train of pots and kettles;  
Twelve cats in tatted garments tied,  
O'er ran and spoiled the morning victuals;  
The grandam found her spectacles  
Minus a pair of purple glasses;  
And Gregory's shoes, "mang' other ills,"  
Were stuff'd with butter and molasses.  
Jack went to door a dozen times,  
He thought he heard the bell a ringing;  
He found a letter full of rhymes,  
Signed "April Fool," and fell to singing;  
And when he went to split his wood,  
He kept a chopping fast and faster,  
But found that he could do no good,  
His axe was made of painted plaster.

A temperance man was seen to drink,  
By pure mistake—a pint of brandy;  
A dashing belle to smile and wink  
At image of a graceful dandy;  
But while I write of funny scenes,  
My spirit "fadeth melancholy,"  
And therefore the subscriber weans,  
He saith no more of April folly.

## UPSET BY A SQUALL.

"CEASE RUDE BOREAS."  
A lady being asked to sing,  
At first declined;  
But 'tis a customary thing  
To change one's mind.  
So fresh entreaties, winning wiles,  
Again being tried,  
The lady, with her sweetest smiles,  
At once complied.  
After a "hem!" and little cough  
In proper form,  
At length she in full cry set off,  
And sung "The Storm."

But 'twas a most unhappy choice  
For her to make:  
She had a shrill and piercing voice,  
"Tween scream and shake!

One whispers—"Where is all the thunder  
That she should bawl?  
Does she call this 'The Storm,' I wonder?  
'Tis but a Squall!"

**Seamen's Courtship.** A sailor of his Majesty's ship Windsor Castle, while lying in Plymouth Sound, asked the wife of a messmate to get him a wife by the time he came on shore, as he was determined to get married; and he would have any decent woman she would recommend. In a few days Jack came on shore, and was introduced to the "fair one"—he approved of the choice, and the next day they were married. The tar was paid his wages two or three days afterwards—he gave his wife the money, returned on board the Windsor Castle, and sailed in her for Cork.

Avoid as much as you can the company of all vicious persons whatever; for no vice is alone, and all are infectious.

## VARIETY.

**Birds.** The robin, and other useful small birds, seem to be diminishing in numbers every year. This decrease is to be attributed in a measure to the fact that our gunners shoot them at unseasonable times of the year, before they have reared their broods of young, and even before the commencement of their breeding season. In the spring the birds are usually poor, and worth little or nothing, as food for man. Shooting them at this season prevents of course their natural increase. All the smaller varieties of birds are exceedingly useful, from their being the enemies and active destroyers of the great variety of grubs, millers, slugs, caterpillars, and other worms which infest and injure our fruit trees and fields. Birds are a more effectual preventive against the increase of insects noxious to herb, fruit and flower, than any means devised by man for that purpose. They are the remedies furnished by the God of nature for that purpose. The destruction of a single small bird at this season of the year is a positive injury to the farmer or other person upon whose land it is killed. If the small birds are considered by any as valuable for the purposes of food, it would at least be good policy, for those who wish to take them for that use, to wait until the breeding season is past, in order that their number may be increased, and their condition in point of flesh be better than it is in the spring. We hold it to be an axiom, that no true sportsman will demean himself by shooting small birds of any kind at this season of the year, and there are but few who will at any time level their guns at robins or any of the smaller birds. Every parent, master, and guardian, ought to lay a special prohibition upon the use of all the guns under their control, by the lads or men in their employ, for the purposes of sporting at this season of the year. Every infraction of the game laws ought to be strictly and rigidly inquired into and prosecuted. There is no possible evil to be apprehended from the increase of small birds, on the contrary, much good may be anticipated.

**Anecdote of John Randolph.** When Henry Clay was speaker of the House of Representatives, and John Randolph a member of that body, the latter indulged himself in drawing a fancy portrait, in something like the following words:—"We will suppose, Mr. Speaker, a young man born in Virginia, destitute of principle, who has spent his patrimony in dissipation and gambling, remove to Kentucky, and by some lucky chance is elected to the state legislature; we will go further, sir, and suppose him elected a member of this House, and still further, sir, and suppose him raised to the elevated station of the presiding officer of this very house; and suppose that he now sits in the chair"—pointing his long sarcastic finger at Mr. Clay, who immediately called Mr. Randolph to order. Mr. R. appealed to the House, which supported the call to order by the speaker. Mr. Randolph then rose, and in a manner peculiar to himself, observed, "I drew a picture from imagination—you applied it to yourself—and the House have confirmed its application."

**Marshal Sault.** It would appear, that the new Minister of War is more at home as a disciple of Mars than a soldier of the church; for, when he was anxious to join one of the ex-king's penitential processions, he applied to Lauriston for information as to the attire in which he was expected to attend it; and Lauriston by way of joke having told him that he should appear in grand gala as a marshal, he smartened himself accordingly, as instructed, with a huge wax taper in his hand, escorted by five or six livery servants in full costume, each armed with a similar weapon. The effect was irresistibly ludicrous, but it was late to sound a retreat. As soon, however, as the ceremony was over, the insulted warrior forwarded a challenge to his comrade; and it required all the king's influence to prevent the fatal issue of an ill-timed joke.

**Preservation of Baby Pigs.**—One of the most unnatural phenomena exhibited by the brute creation, is that of sows devouring their young pigs; they are said to eat them up with the voracity of cannibals, disregarding the piteous supplication of their little progeny, and feeding with remorseless cruelty upon their little pigships. To prevent this shocking destruction of animal life has long been a subject of deep consideration with philosophers and sages of antiquity, but the fortunate discovery belongs to this day of miracles and Jacksonism; a writer in the New England Farmer recommends throwing small pieces of pork before her ladyship, which will distract her attention from the young, and appease her appetite for fresh pork; this experiment has been tried, and found to succeed to admiration. We would recommend the practice to all who have such unnatural mothers as a part of their household goods, the spirit of philanthropy, if nothing greater, would prompt us to apply the most efficacious remedy, which should prolong the existence of a numberless quantity of baby pigs!

Boston Courier.

**Spanish Parties.** The peculiar parties of the Spanish, called *Tertullas*, somewhat resemble the "conversazione" of the Italians, or the "veillés" here and there to be met with in the country parts of France. Whoever is introduced into a family, is seldom or never invited again. With the universal expression "this house is yours," the entrance is given him, whenever he chooses, with the condition, nevertheless, that neither he nor the owners are thereby laid under the least constraint. If he comes at dinner time, he is a welcomed guest—if during the siesta, he is not admitted—if after the siesta, and he finds the family at home, he is welcome to whatever is going on, conversation, music, dancing, and occasionally, but more in the higher circles, to play; but all without the slightest preparation or constraint. If one or more couple wish to dance, and any one is present who will play for them, whether on the violin, piano, or especially the guitar, (and such a one is ever to be found,) they dance as long as they choose; while, on the other hand, regular dances, or balls, are very rare. The grand principle of these *tertullas* is, that the usual course of these proceedings of the house and family are not interrupted by them. They are connected with no expense, for nothing in fact is offered to the guests but a glass of iced water, or at most with a cup of chocolate, if it is asked for. It thus happens that nearly all classes, rich and poor, have their *tertullas*; that is, there are few families who do not assemble their friends in the evening, when, in other respects, the mental, or personal attractions of the members of the family are such as to attract any one to the house. But these *tertullas* lay the family, or individual who gives them under no obligation to remain at home and wait for their guests. If he wishes to go to *paseo* (promenade) or to another *tertulla*, and his visitors find his house empty, no one has any thing to complain of. The same freedom from constraint rules as to dress: *tertullas* are given and visited in the same clothes which are worn through the usual occupations of the day. Sketches of Spain.

A magnificent service of plate has been presented by the joint contribution of several Insurance Companies in this city, to Capt. D. Wise, of the ship *Eliza*. They were exhibiting yesterday morning at the Coffee House. We copied from one of the articles, an urn, which was brought to our office, the following inscription, dedicating the whole service to the service of Capt. W.

Phil. Gaz.

Presented to

CAPT. DANIEL WISE, JR.

Of the

SHIP ELIZA,

By the PRESIDENT and DIRECTORS, in behalf

OF THE

Stockholders of the Pennsylvania, Union, Atlantic, Phoenix and United States Insurance Offices of Philadelphia,

As a tribute of respect for his persevering and courageous conduct in saving his vessel, and finally getting her into a port in safety after having suffered a violent gale in the Bay of Biscay, which deprived the ship of her rudder, and a great portion of her stern.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

From the London Spectator.

LORD ADVOCATE JEFFREY.

The Scotch nation are in a sort of ferment about Mr. Jeffrey. Some are indignant at the means by which he has obtained the temporary occupancy of a seat in Parliament, which it is supposed he cannot retain beyond a few weeks; but the far greater number are highly elated at the prospect of his appearing there, no matter how returned, and by the anticipations they have formed of the conquest that his eloquence is to achieve. We sympathize with them in their expectations, but our confidence of hope is not quite so strong as theirs. We believe that Mr. Jeffrey will do justice to the opinions of his countrymen; but our belief is founded more on what we think he is capable of doing, than on any thing he has yet done.

The Scotch school of eloquence is almost entirely confined to the pulpit and the bar. Of the former it can furnish, at the present day, some splendid specimens. There are few Englishmen, even of the most correctly-disciplined ears, that could listen to the energetic appeals of Chalmers, or to the masterly expositions of Andrew Thomson, without being led captive by the brilliancy and force of these two masters in Israel. Of forensic eloquence the Scots are more amply provided than the English. The spirit of business that regulates every thing in London has reduced the speeches of our lawyers to dry and methodical statements of fact; from the practice of the bar, all figures but those of arithmetic are sedulously excluded; and the law itself is too great an engrosser of fictions to tolerate the use of them in its servants. The Scotch lawyers have more time, for their cases are fewer; they have a more patient and a more enlightened audience, for until of late their juries were not merely special, but select; and the forms of the Scotch criminal law, more humane than ours, not only permit, but legalize those appeals to the pity of the court, which an English pleader must be content to interpolate in the discussion of a technical nicety, or to suggest in a cross-examination. The forensic eloquence of the Scotch thus takes a wider range and is of a higher order than ours; but still it is the eloquence of the bar, and we need hardly remark, what most persons have had occasion to observe, that the art oratory of lawyers, when dissevered from the courts, is rarely of much practical value.

Of that description of oratory with which almost every village in England abounds, which addresses itself to everyday understandings, and treats of everyday topics, the Scotch have none. They have no vestries, no parochial

meetings, no convocations of hundreds; their country meetings are open only to a few of the upper classes; hustings they do not know but by name; they have not the elements of popular election in any one department. Every thing is managed by the chosen few, from the election of a parish beadle to the election of a member of Parliament. Since the people are thus destitute of the means of acquiring facility in public speaking, and cut off from all inducements to the study of it, it will not appear surprising, that when by any chance a popular meeting does take place in Scotland, the management of it should, by tacit agreement, be resigned into the hands of speakers by profession. Accordingly, with a few exceptions, and those of late years, all the public business of the Scotch people has been managed by lawyers, or if it was of a more restricted and sober kind, by clergymen.

Among those who have been foremost in almost every occasion when the public spirit of his townsmen of Edinburgh was to be invoked is Lord Advocate Jeffrey. His perfect mastery of facts, his ingenuity of argument, his soundness of law, have placed him among the foremost of his occasional brethren. His long connexion with the *Edinburgh Review* has not only engaged on his side the whole of the Scotch Whigs, whose ablest champion he is, but it has conciliated the affections even of those who hated the politics of a work which they could not deny had raised the literary character of their country. Add to this, that Mr. Jeffrey is a man of agreeable temper and bland manners—that he is in possession, from his earnings, of what even in London might be termed an easy fortune—that he is connected more or less intimately with almost every literary and political character of note, not only in Britain, but on the Continent—that his wit, though ever sparkling, is never offensive—that his humor, though not without breadth, is never vulgar—that his language, if not the purest in respect of idiom, is both refined and copious—that he speaks with extreme facility, the spring of his oratory swelling up, not by rushes, but in one pure, pellucid, perennial flow—when all these circumstances are taken together, it will not appear surprising that Mr. Jeffrey is the *enfant gâté* of the Scotch public; and that when he opens his mouth to speak, he must be a dog, and an impudent one too, that would venture to bark in interruption. In fact, it would be difficult to congregate a meeting of any kind or for any purpose in Edinburgh, of which the friends, acquaintances, and admirers of the Lord Advocate did not form a large majority. He has never, in consequence, had to plead a cause "sub iniquo iudice;" his audience have been generally prepared to applaud his propositions—always prepared to understand to insinuate that the Lord Advocate has been spoiled by this indulgence—which might yet have spoiled a better man; but, unquestionably, it is not by such treatment that the description of eloquence best calculated to flourish in the trying atmosphere of the House of Commons is likely to be reared.

There are other particulars in which Edinburgh meetings differ considerably from those of the South. The Modern Athens is a city of lawyers and men of letters. The bustle of traffic and the rudeness of traffickers are almost unknown to it. Allusions are thus caught up, refinements of wit are relished, delicacies of expression are appreciated, which would fall still-born on the blunter ear of plain John Bull; and the same harangue which would give our Northern brethren unsated delight, would be listened to by a Londoner with languor and weariness. Besides the Scotch people are more distinguished by intellectual acuteness, more addicted to nicety of distinction and subtlety of argument, than the English; who have seldom time, and more rarely inclination, to follow a long-winded speaker, however musically he may harangue—who call for matter-of-fact statements, and straight forward appeals, which carry conviction and persuasion to ordinary understandings. The Scotch, again, with all their characteristic sturdiness, are a dubitative race; they are fond of balancing probabilities—of comparing evidence—averse not only from rash decision but from positive assertion. It is said of one of their teachers of Divinity, that he made most of his pupils Socinians, by stating the arguments against the Trinity too fairly; and a professor of Metaphysics has been known publicly to espouse one theory of action in one series of lectures and its opposite in another series. This halting between two opinions is almost equally offensive to the moral and the judgement of John Bull; who will rather jump to a wrong conclusion, than arrive at none at all—with whom sincerity, or the semblance of it, is essential to credit—and who counts it the first of virtues to stand for his party and his principles *per fas aut nefas*.

With a very large share of the virtues of the Scotch school of eloquence, we cannot help suspecting that Mr. Jeffrey has not a few of its faults. We fear that his language will be found too much the language of books—his sentences

too elaborately rounded—his allusions too recherché—his wit too fine—his sarcasm too delicate—his reasoning too formal for English auditors, and his whole style and manner wanting in that vigor and determination which are required in the popular arena on which he is now entering. In mere elegance of expression, he is perhaps equal to Canning. It was said that Mr. Pitt could speak a King's Speech. Mr. Jeffrey could speak an essay on beauty. His figures are well chosen, and his illustrations, in which indeed he excels, for the most part singularly happy. But he wants Canning's path and simplicity. That most successful speaker had a ready poetical fancy, and nothing could be more delightful than some of his flights; but they were rarely indulged in. Canning's pictures consisted for the most part of a few bold strokes, and they were used in strict subordination to his general argument. It is the characteristic of the rhetorical school to which Mr. Jeffrey belongs, rather than to the oratorical—that its professors are apt to lavish more care on the accidents than the essentials of a discourse; they neglect the picture, to elaborate the frame; the style of the orator is ornamental, of the rhetorician ornate. Mr. Canning had a great advantage over Mr. Jeffrey, in being bred if not born an Englishman. No length of study will ever give to a stranger to the soil of England that intimate acquaintance with its rich and varied idiom which is acquired by boyhood practice. Canning's English was neither the English of the ordinary classes of the present day, such as Cobbett's, nor was it derived to him by long and nearest draughts at the older and undefiled wells of the Elizabethan age, like Brougham's; it was the language of a well educated English gentleman, long conversant with the living sources of purity and elegance of speech—the great practical statesmen who were the companions and forerunners of his not short nor unglorious career.

It may appear of small moment, though in the first instance it will tell against the Lord Advocate, that, as was said of St. Paul, "his bodily presence is weak;" a defect which is not improved by a voice somewhat of the thinnest, and issuing as it were by jerks from his chest, and a pronunciation which we can only describe by saying that it is neither Scotch, English, nor Irish. The advantage of a noble person and a powerful voice are very great in a popular assembly, and more especially in the House of Commons, where, what with the noise in the gallery, the restlessness below, and the languor and drowsiness that prevail above the bar, the best argument, if feebly enunciated, will obtain less attention than the worst when distinctly spoken. Almost all the men that have shown in the House have been men of commanding appearance.—Pitt was six feet; Fox was a ton of a man; Whitbread had the shoulders of a ticket porter; Canning was a man of most impressive countenance and finest symmetry; Brougham is lathy, but he has the sweep of a Cumberland prize-wrestler. The physical deficiencies of Mr. Jeffrey are past cure—he cannot by taking thought add a cubit to his stature; and the faults of his voice and his pronunciation are, we fear, equally irremediable. His style, however, he must contrive to adapt to his new auditory. He must change general for particular examples; he must drop learned allusions, for common; he must give more prominence to his own argument and less to his opponent's; he must lend his wit more weight, though its fine edge should be impaired by the process; he must change roundabout description for direct statement, dubious announcement for sturdy assertion, downright blows for accuracy of fence—in a word, he must vulgarize his entire practice down to the level of the commonplace capacities, and sometimes impatient, often hostile, always uncourteous temper of an English House of Commons.

If he attempt to surprise or astonish the members, he will almost infallibly fail; and the break down in the commencement of his course, he may calculate on limping for the remainder of the session. There is no point about the House so much to be admired as the tact with which for the most part they contrive to estimate and put down ambitious display. They can bear a great deal of stupidity, a great deal of nonsense, and they must bear a great deal of downright impudence; but the rash affectation, no art nor persuasion will induce them to tolerate.

Mr. Jeffrey enters the House of Commons at a good time, perhaps at no period during its history has it held less of the materials of eloquence. We would ask no better method of convincing the most violent Church and King man that ever breathed, of the necessity of reform, than to seat him for eight or ten hours in the gallery of the House on a grand debate night. The endless absurdities, mistakes, and misrepresentations—the false facts and foolish arguments—the prolixity of some, the pertness of others, the vexation of the harangues, and the vanity of the conclusion, when, after a succession of rigmorale speeches, in which every question is discussed but the question in

hand, the Honorable mover closes the epilogue to what might be called a farce, did it afford even the phos of a laugh either to actors or audience, by asking leave to withdraw in resolution.—Such a combination of the flat stale, and unprofitable would make a Tory of sixteen quarters shake hands with Hunt and call O'Connell a gentleman.

The only danger to Mr. Jeffrey is, that he may have formed too high an estimate of his own powers or of the powers of the House—that he may be too easily wearied with ignorance—that, petted as he has long been by a partial audience, he may be disposed to bear with impatience an audience that is partial to nothing but its own ease, and which cares only for its own pleasure. He brings to Parliament much knowledge—habits of great diligence—soundness of principle: if he can only make his facts and his arguments tell—if he do not injure effect by too much attention to minuteness of finish—he may not prove so shining a light as his countrymen expect, but he will not fail to be a useful, and, whether he shine or not, we know he will prove an honest senator.

#### A SCENE ON THE "COSTA FIRME."

I was awakened by the low growling, and short bark of the dog. The night was far spent; the tiny sparks of the fire-flies that were glancing in the door-way began to grow pale; the chirping of the crickets and lizards, and the snore of the tree-toad waxed fainter, and the wild cry of the tiger cat was no longer heard. The terral, or land wind, which is usually strongest towards morning, moaned loudly on the hill side, and came rushing past with a melancholy sigh, through the brushwood that surrounded the hut, shaking off the heavy dew from the palm and cocoa-nut tree, like large drops of rain.

The hollow tap of the wood-pecker; the clear flute note of the pavo del monte; the discordant shriek of the macaw; the shrill chirr of the wild guinea fowl; and the chattering of the parquets, began to be heard from the wood. The ill-omened gallinazo was sailing and circling round the hut, and the tall flamingo was stalking on the shallows of the lagoon, the haunt of the disgusting alligator, that lay beneath, divided from the sea by a mud bank, where a group of pelicans, perched on the wreck of one of our boats, were pluming themselves before taking wing. In the east, the deep blue of the firmament, from which the lesser stars were fast fading, all but the "eye of the morn," was warming into magnificent purple, and the amber rays of the yet unrisen sun were shooting up, streamer-like, with intervals between, through the parting clouds, as they broke away with a passing shower, that fell like a veil of silver gauze between us and the first primrose-colored streaks of tropical dawn.

"That's a musket shot," said the Lieutenant. The Indian crept on his belly to the door, propped his chin on the ground, and placed his open palms behind his ears. The distant wail of a bugle was heard. Then three or four dropping shot again, in rapid succession. Mr. Splinter stooped to go forth, but the Indian caught him by the leg, uttering the single word "Espanoles."

On the instant, a young Indian woman, with a shrieking infant in her arms, rushed to the door. There was a blue gun-shot wound in her neck, from which two or three large, black, clotting gouts of blood were trickling. Her long, black hair was streaming in coarse braids, and her features were pinched and sharpened, as if in the agony of death. She glanced wildly behind, and gasped out "Escapa, Oreeque, escape, para mi soi, muerto ya." Another shot, and the miserable creature convulsively clasped her child, whose small, shrill cry I often fancy I hear to this hour, blending with its mother's death-scream, and, falling backwards, rolled over the brow of the hill out of sight. The ball had pierced the heart of the parent through the body of the offspring. By this time a party of Spanish soldiers had surrounded the hut, one of whom, kneeling before the low door, pointed his musket into it. The Indian, who had seen his wife and child thus cruelly shot down before his face, now fired his rifle, and the man fell dead. "Sigi mi Querida Bandia—maldito." Then springing to his feet, and stretching himself to his full height, with his arms extended towards heaven, while a strong shiver shook him like an ague fit, he yelled forth the last words he ever uttered, "Venga la suerte, ya soi listo," and he resumed his squatting position on the ground. Half a dozen musket balls were now fired at random through the wattles, while the Lieutenant, who spoke Spanish well, sang out lustily, that we were English officers who had been shipwrecked. "Mentira," growled the officer of the party, "Piratas son ustedes." "Pirates leagued with Indian bravoes, fire the hut, soldiers, and burn the scoundrels!" There was no time to be

lost; Mr. Splinter made a vigorous attempt to get out, in which I seconded him, with all the strength that remained to me, but they beat us back again with the butts of their muskets.

"Where are your commissions, your uniforms, if you be British officers?"—We had neither, and our fate appeared inevitable.

The doorway was filled with brushwood, fire was set to the hut, and we heard the crackling of the palm thatch, while thick stifling wreaths of white smoke burst in upon us through the roof.

"Lend a hand Tom, now or never, and kick up the dark man there," but he sat still as a statue. We laid our shoulders to the end wall, and heaved at it with all our might; when we were nearly at our last grasp it gave way, and we rushed headlong into the middle of the party, followed by Sneezer with his shaggy coat, that was full of clots of tar blazing like a torch. He unceremoniously seized "par le queue," the soldier who had throttled me, setting fire to the skirts of his coat, and blowing up his cartouch box. I believe, under Providence, that the ludicrousness of the attack saved us from being bayoneted on the spot. It gave time for Mr. Splinter to recover his breath. When being a powerful man, he shook off the two soldiers who had seized him, and dashed into the burning hut again. I thought he was mad, especially when I saw him return with his clothes and hair on fire, dragging out the body of the captain. He unfolded the sail it was wrapped in, and pointing to the remains of the sail in which the mutilated and putrifying corpse was dressed, he said sternly to the officer, "We are in your power, and you may murder us if you will; but that was my captain four days ago, and you see, he at least was a British officer—satisfy yourself!" The person he addressed, a handsome young Spaniard, with a clear olive complexion, oval face, small brown mustachios, and large black eyes, shuddered at the horrible spectacle, but did as he was requested.

When he saw the crown and anchor, and his Majesty's cypher on the appointments of the dead officer, he became convinced of our quality, and changed his tone—"Es verdad, son de la marina Inglesa;" "But, gentlemen, were there not three persons in the hut?" There were indeed—the flames had consumed the dry roof and walls with incredible rapidity, and by this time they had fallen in, but Oreeque was no where to be seen. I thought I saw something move in the midst of the fire, but it might have been fancy. Again the white ashes heaved, and a half-consumed hand and arm were thrust through the smouldering mass; then a human head, with the scalp burnt from the skull, and the flesh from the chops and cheek bones; the trunk next appeared, the bleeding ribs laid bare, and the miserable Indian, with his limbs scorched like rafters, stood upright before us, like a demon in the midst of the fire. He made no attempt to escape, but reeling to and fro, like a drunken man, fell headlong, raising clouds of smoke and a shower of sparks in his fall. Alas! poor Oreeque, the newly risen sun was now shining on your ashes, and on the bodies of the ill-starred Bandia and her child, whose bones, ere his setting, the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest will leave as white and fleshless as your own. The officer, who belonged to the army investing Carthage, now treated us with great civility; he heard our story, and desired his men to assist us in burying the remains of our late commander.

We remained all day on the same part of the coast, but towards evening the party fell back on the out-posts to which they belonged—after travelling an hour or so we emerged from a dry river course, in which the night had overtaken us, and came suddenly upon a small plateau, where the post was established on the promontory of "Punta Cacao." There may be braver soldiers at a charge, but none more picturesque in a bivouac than the Spaniards. A gigantic wild cotton-tree, to which our largest English oaks were but as dwarfs, rose on one side, and overshadowed the whole level space. The bright beams of the full moon glanced among the topmost leaves, and tipped the higher branches with silver, contrasting strangely with the scene below, where a large watch-fire cast a strong red glare on the surrounding objects, throwing up dense volumes of smoke, which eddied in dun wreaths amongst the foliage, and hung in the still night air like a canopy, leaving the space beneath comparatively clear.

A temporary guard house, with a rude verandah of bamboos and palm leaves, had been built between two of the immense spurs of the mighty tree, that shot out many yards from the parent stem like wooden buttresses, whilst over head there was a sort of stage made of planks, laid across the lower boughs, supporting a quantity of provisions covered with tarpaulins. The sen-

tinels in the back ground with their glancing arms, were seen pacing on their watch, some of the guard were asleep on wooden benches, where a little baboon-looking old man, in the dress of a drummer, had perched himself, and set playing a Biscayan air on a sort of bagpipe; others were gathered round the fire cooking their food, and cleaning their arms.

It shone brightly on the long line of Spanish transports that were moored below stem on to the beach, and on the white sails of the armed craft that were still hovering under weigh in the offing, which, as the night wore on, stole in, one after another, like phantoms of the ocean, and letting go their anchors with a splash, and the hollow rattle of the cable; remained still and silent as the rest.

Farther off, it fell in a crimson stream on the surface of the sheltered bay, struggling with the light of the gentle moon, and tingling with blood the small waves that twinkled in her silver wake, across which a guard boat would now and then glide like a fairy thing, the arms of the men flashing back the red light.

Beyond the influence of the hot smoky glare, the glorious planet resumed her sway in the midst of her attendant stars, and the relieved eye wandered forth into a lovely night, where the noiseless sheet lightning was glancing, and ever and anon lighting up for an instant some fantastic shapes in the fleecy clouds, like prodigies forerunning the destruction of the stronghold over which they impended; while beneath the lofty ridge of the convent-crowned Pops, the citadel of San Felipe, bristling with cannon, the white batteries and many towers of the fated city of Carthage, and the Spanish blockading squadron at anchor before it, slept in the moonlight.

We were civilly received by the captain who apologised for the discomfort under which we must pass the night. He gave us the best he had, and that was bad enough, both of food and wine, before showing us into the hut, where we found a rough deal coffin lying on the very bench that was to be our bed. This he ordered away with all the coolness in the world. "It was only one of his people who had died that morning of the romite, or yellow fever." "Comfortable country this," quoth Splinter, "and a pleasant morning we have had of it, Tom!"

Blackwell's Magazine.

#### A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

My acquaintance with Mr. Windham, (the Right Hon. Wm. Windham) led to a train of circumstances, which, taken together, form one of the most singular series of adventures that ever occurred in real life, and resemble more a fictitious romance than an authentic history. At a late hour one evening, I received a few lines from my friend, Dr. Adam Smith, (the particular time I do not recollect,) requesting my company at dinner next day, to meet the celebrated Edmund Burke and Mr. Windham, who had arrived at Edinburgh with an intention of making a short tour through the Highlands. The Doctor apologised for the shortness of the notice, stating that the travellers had arrived only that morning, and proposed remaining but one day more in Edinburgh. I went accordingly, and passed some hours, as might be expected in the company of such men, in the most gratifying manner. I gave them my advice as to the plan they ought to adopt in making their intended tour; and, in particular, dwelt on the beauty of the road between Dunkeld and Blair; adding, that instead of being cooped up in a post chaise, they had better get out and walk through the delightful woods and beautiful scenes they would pass through, and more especially some miles beyond Dunkeld. I had almost forgotten these circumstances, when, about three years after, Mr. Windham, very unexpectedly, came to me in the House of Commons, and requested to speak to me for a few moments behind the Speaker's chair. "Do you recollect," said he, "our meeting together at Adam Smith's at dinner?" "Most certainly I do." "Do you remember having given us directions for our highland tour, and more especially to stroll through the woods between Dunkeld and Blair?" "I do."—He then added—"An event took place in consequence of our adopting that advice, of which I must now inform you. Burke and I were strolling through the woods, about ten miles from Dunkeld, when we saw a young female sitting under a tree reading.—Burke immediately exclaimed, 'let us have a little conversation with this solitary damsel, and see what she is about.' We accosted her accordingly, and found that she was reading a recent novel from the London press. We asked her how she came to read novels? How she got books at so great a distance from the metropolis; and more especially one so recently published? She answered, that she had been educated at a boarding



school at Perth, where novels might be had from the circulating library, and that she still procured them through the same channel. We carried on the conversation for some time, in the course of which she displayed a great deal of smartness and talent; and at last we were obliged, very reluctantly, to leave her, and proceed on our journey. We afterwards found that she was the daughter of a proprietor of that neighborhood, who was known under the name of 'the Baron Maclaren.' "I have never been able," continued Mr. Windham, "to get the beautiful mountain nymph out of my head, and I wish you to ascertain whether she is married or single." He begged me to clear up this point as soon as possible, as much of his future happiness depended upon the result of the inquiry. I lost no time in attending to his request, and applied for information to a most respectable clergyman in the neighborhood where Miss Maclaren lived, (the Rev. Dr. Stewart, minister of Moulin,) who informed me, in course of post, that she was married to a medical gentleman, of the name of Dick, who had gone to the East Indies. Upon communicating this to Mr. Windham, he seemed very much agitated. He was soon afterwards married to the daughter of a half-pay officer. I have no doubt, that had Miss Maclaren continued single, he would have paid her his addresses.

Correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair.

"The dog of the Colonnade of the Louvre." Many of our readers we know cheerfully rank among their real friends, some of the canine species. To such, the following anecdote, which we translate from the "Courrier des Etats Unis," will not be without interest:

"There is not a newspaper whose columns have not been filled with the names of the glorious defenders of liberty during the memorable week in July. A large number of them fell victims to their patriotic ardor, and to a mournful fatality. Still more have received precious wounds in that noble defence. But there is another class the most numerous, inasmuch as its number is daily increasing; it is that of the men who, according to their own account, were among the most active on that occasion, but who, nevertheless, received no wounds, or if any, so slight that no marks of them are at present visible. We know all of this last kind; we have seen their names, the recital of their heroic actions in the newspapers, and the list of offices with which they have been rewarded.

Among the victims of those great days, there is one, however, one alone, I believe, who has taken a decided part in the glorious contests of our brothers, and has not boasted thereof; but who, nevertheless, every moment, day and night, expiates his devotedness. His name, unknown to all, has not appeared in the public papers; he is only known to a very few citizens, who have shed tears upon the grave of our brethren, that repose in the Louvre.

It is a DOG.

The attachment of that excellent animal to its master is well known, and the following will serve as an illustrative example.

Medor (the name since given to the dog) belonged to one of those brave men who fell on the 28th of July. He appeared inseparable from his master; he followed him to the combat, and at the attack upon the Louvre, he did not abandon him even in the hottest of the fight; his master having been shot, he remained near his corpse until they came to bury him; he sprang into the hearse, and refused to leave it until his master's body was taken out to be buried with his dead companions.

Upon his tomb he has from that moment established his dwelling; during the day, mournful and feeble, in the midst of a crowd that surrounds him, he is seen constantly stretched out upon the grave which holds the subject of his grief, and at night, he utters his deep sorrows by frequent and mournful howlings.

A good hearted woman has furnished the dog with food, which she brings to him daily, and he will receive it from no other hand, and offers signs of recognition or affection only to her. The National Guard built him a small house, but he rarely goes to it, as it seems to separate him from that patriotic grave, the continual and mournful object of his thoughts.

What a noble and touching example of affectionate devotion! What a lesson for those who have so soon forgotten the real saviours of their country! Who of you, good citizens and true patriots, would not desire to see and caress the Dog of the Colonnade of the Louvre?

United S. Gazette.

#### CHANGES IN FRANCE.

The political condition of France seems far from being settled. The mercurial inhabitants can scarcely be content with one revolution at a time; but having begun, they are disposed to "turn and overturn," to crowd revolution upon revolution, until the whole political system is whirled into

confusion. Give them liberty, and they want licentiousness. Give them a constitutional monarchy, and they want a republic. Give them a republic, and they want to be free from all government. To the unreasonable frays Jupiter sent a storm; and another Bonaparte may be sent to the French.

Amidst such frequent changes, the people can scarcely tell to whom they should offer the incense of loyalty—and against whom it would be safe to cry, "down with him!" The London Court Journal gives the following amusing scenes. The date of the first, as the reader will perceive, is a little before the fall of Charles X., of the second, a little after.

#### SCENE I.

Scene—A French Provincial Court of Justice. Time—June, 1830.

The Judge. Gentlemen, bring in the next prisoner for judgment. Prisoner, what are your christian and sir names?

Prisoner. Pierre Rochet.

Judge. Pierre Rochet, you have been convicted of publicly uttering seditious cries against the illustrious monarch who governs this now happy country—against him who worthily inherits the oldest and most glorious monarchy of the world, and whose paternal sway has restored to France all her former splendor. The well-disposed inhabitants of this good city of —, have been struck with horror at hearing you afflict their peaceful streets with cries of a *bas Charles X.*! What have you to say why judgment should not pass against you?

Prisoner. My Lord Judge, saving your lordship's presence, the cry escaped me when I was a little tipsy,—as the *gendarme* who brought me before your judgeship has good reason to know, because it was he who made me so.

Judge. Prisoner, an offence like yours can find no excuse in the plea which you have urged. The Court condemns you, Pierre Rochet, to pay a fine of twenty francs, to be imprisoned for three months, and to defray the expenses of this suit.

#### SCENE II.

The same court in October, 1830.

Judge. Municipal Guards, bring in the next prisoner for judgment. Prisoner, what are your christian and sir names?

Prisoner. Pierre Rochet.

Judge. Pierre Rochet, you have been convicted of uttering seditious cries against the illustrious monarch who governs this now happy country, and whose paternal sway promises to restore to France all her former splendor. All the well-disposed inhabitants of this good city of —, have been struck with horror at hearing you afflict their peaceful streets with cries of *Vive Charles X.*!—You have lifted up your voice in favor of that cruel and imbecile tyrant whose name is for ever proscribed in the country which he sought to destroy. What have you to say why judgment should not pass against you?

Prisoner. My Lord Judge, saving your worship's presence, I have been in prison for the last three months—as your worship may perhaps remember, for it was your worship who was good enough to send me there. They did not provide me with newspapers while there—I only came out the day before yesterday—and not having any desire to go in again, I cried *vive Charles X.*! the moment I got out: on which they brought me here.

Judge. Prisoner, an offence like yours can find no excuse in the plea which you have urged. The Court condemns you, Pierre Rochet, to pay a fine of twenty francs, to be imprisoned for three months, and to defray the expenses of this suit.

#### D. S. TURNER, 45 Maiden Lane,

HAS just received, and offers for sale,  
10-4 and 12-4 heavy London Sheetings;  
6-4 do. Irish do;  
6-4 do. Silesian do;  
7-3, 8-4 and 10-4 Table Diaper, Huckaback and Silesian Toweling, Russia and Scotch Diaper;  
7-8 and 4-4 heavy Irish Linens;  
11-4, 12-4 and 13-4 Marseilles Quilts, super Gauze Flannels, Black Italian Lustings;  
50 pieces low priced Gingham;  
5-4 Waltham Sheetings;  
A variety of articles for Summer Pantaloons;  
Cambric and Furniture Duvity;  
Cambric, Jaconet, and Mull Muslin;  
Fine Bleached Shirtings, &c. 3m—April 23.

#### SCISSORS, NEEDLES, PENKNIVES, &c.

THE subscribers have constantly on hand an assortment of articles in their line, viz: Needles of the following kinds—drilled, round eyed, sharps, between, and ground downs, harness, saddlers', gloves', packing, netting, upholsterers', corset, tambour, cross-stitch, book-binders', darning, milliners', knitting, and for bed work.—Scissors, Penknives, Frizzing Combs, Curling and Pinching Irons, teeth, nail, and comb Brushes, black Pins, silver and other Thinblades, Tapers, Key Rings, Corkscrews, Ivory fine Combs, Bodkins, Larding Pins, Tweezers, iron and brass Paste, Cutter's Tamboouring Handles, &c. &c.  
April 23.—5m A. OSGEY & SON.

#### DRUGS & MEDICINES.

A GENERAL assortment of superior Drugs and Medicines may be obtained at the N. W. corner of Hudson and North-Moore streets.  
PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS put up accurately and promptly. d April 23.

#### STACEY PANCOAST,

Nos. 90 & 92 Centre Street,

At the head of Canal-street, and next door to the Gas Factory, NEW-YORK.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he continues to manufacture Silver and Prince's Metals, Plated Ware of all kinds.—Also, Saddlery, Coach and Harness furniture of every description, hollow and filled Mouldings, Coach and Gig Lamps of all sizes, calculated for the American and Spanish markets; Crests, and every kind of Ornaments; military and figured Buttons, all of which will be finished equal to any imported.

Gentlemen from the country can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice.

N. B. All orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

April 22

23

#### FISHING TACKLE.

A. OSGEY & SON, 77 William, corner of Liberty street, have received an assortment of—  
Clarks, hair, and hemp Lines, from 20 to 300 feet; Flats of all sizes; Artificial Baits, viz. flies, shrimp, minnows, &c.; Hooks of the best quality, to gut or on lines, of different sizes; Clearing Rings; Swivels; single and compound Reels; landing and shrimp Nets; Rods, from 3 to 6 joints; Rings and Bars; together with many other articles in the same line. 3m April 23.

#### WARREN'S

#### THRESHING MACHINE,

THESE Machines are manufactured at the old stand No. 7, Eldridge-street, near Division. Farmers, and all those who take an interest in mechanical improvements are invited to call and examine for themselves.—When constantly on hand, in the shed, to show its usefulness. The last improved machine surpasses, in strength, any machine now in use.  
New York, April 7, 1831. 23

#### BROADWAY HOTEL.

THE Long Room attached to the Broadway Hotel, No. 601 BROADWAY, and extending to Houston street, 50 by 80 feet, is the largest room in the Eighth Ward, and is now to let for Military or Ward Meetings, Debating Societies, and Cotillion Parties. Apply at the bar. d—April 23.

#### A CARD.

M. BARNES informs the inhabitants of New-York, that he has opened a SCHOOL in the Academy situated in New Durham, Bergen county, three miles from Hoboken, for the instruction of children of both sexes, in all the useful branches of English education. People residing in New-York, who wish to find a good situation in the country for their children for the purpose of learning the above branches, will apply to

CHARLES N. BARNES.

or,

MICHAEL FISHER, } Trustees.

JOSEPH DANILSON, }

Terms of tuition, \$2 per quarter.

N. B. Board can be obtained at \$1 50 cts. per week.

Bergen county, New Durham, March 27th.

April 2

#### STORE TO LET.

IN Broadway, next to the corner of Maiden Lane, at present occupied as a Druggist Store. Two or three Rooms over the same, and a very large Vault in front will be let with it, if required. Apply at WAITE'S, next door for particulars.

#### REMOVAL.

BOOT and Shoe Store, 42 Canal Street.—HENRY LEARNED, informs his friends and the public, that he has removed his Store from No. 52, to 42 Canal Street, one door West of Broadway, where he has constantly on hand, a good assortment of Ladies, Gentlemen and Childrens custom made Boots and Shoes of the first quality, at the lowest prices. Boots and Shoes repaired at the shortest notice, and in the neatest manner. tf

#### ROBERT LOVETT,

Seal engraver on Stone or Metals, 67 Maiden Lane.

COATS of arms, Initials, emblematic subjects engraved on Stone. Notarial, Consular, and all office seals engraved on Stone, Brass or Silver.

Visiting Cards engraved and printed. Books of Heraldry for the inspection of customers, the armorial bearings of over 100,000 names.  
March 26. 1v19

#### BOSTON CRACKERS.

THE subscriber could inform the public, that he continues to manufacture BOSTON CRACKERS, at his old stand No. 231 DELANCEY corner of Willst street, in a superior manner, and the only establishment where they are made, as they should be, in this city. He has got up this business at a great expense and labor, and hopes, together with his former exertions, and his future attention to the business, he shall merit the continuance of a generous public.  
WILLIAM BOND, Agent.  
Feb 12 6m

J. B. STOUT & CO. Visiting, Official, and

More on the Card Engravers and Printers, Consular Society, and Counting House & Cutters, No. 3 Wall st. 37 Coffin Plates furnished at 2 hours notice. July

#### FLAG HANDKERCHIEFS.

A Large assortment German, India, English, Pongee, &c. Handkerchiefs. Also, Lawn and Linen Cambric do. Constantly for sale at wholesale and retail, by Feb 5 D O CAULKINS 56 Maiden Lane.

#### PIANO FORTES.

T. LOUIE, Piano Forte Manufacturer, 453 Broadway, respectfully informs the public, that he has on hand an elegant assortment of Piano Fortes, of his own make at such liberal prices as to command a preference, when in addition to a very reduced price, they will be found on trial to be sterling articles, not to be excelled in beauty, durability, fullness of tone and freedom of touch, by any in the city, and but rarely equalled.

N. B. The well known and long established character of T. Louie's Pianos, has been earned by many years assiduous attention and practical experience, both in this country and in London, and are all warranted. Good Piano Fortes to hire, and a large quantity of engraved Music selling off at war, and even three cents the page. 19

#### BOARDING.

NOTICE.—That pleasantly situated house No. 40 Courtland-street, (within a short distance from the Steam Boats,) has been taken for a respectable private Boarding House. Gentlemen wishing to make permanent arrangements from the first of May, will please to call at No. 65 Murray-street. April 2

#### SUPERIOR TOOTH POWDERS.

THE Subscriber has leave to inform the public that he has prepared four different kinds of Tooth Powders, viz: the Black, the Red, the Brown (Peruvian powder of Dr. Hufeland, body physician to the King of Prussia,) and the White. He particularly calls the attention of Dentists, and of those whose teeth are either decayed or apt to turn black, to his White Tooth Powder, whose beneficial properties have of late been approved by the most eminent French Chemists; and the subscriber can warrant it to be superior to any other preparation of the kind. Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, German Drug and Chemical Store, 377 Broadway Next to the corner of White street.

#### GENUINE GERMAN AND FRENCH

#### EAU DE COLOGNE.

THERE are but few articles more liable to adulteration than this; and while the real German water from Cologne, (at the Rhine) is remarkable for its sweet and delightful perfume, so that it strengthens the nerves and refreshes the sick, the other thousand spurious preparations are nothing more than a mixture of oils and spirit.

The best quality of the German Cologne Water, and a complete assortment of the French Eau de Cologne, is to be found at the German Drug and Chemical Store of

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

377 Broadway, one door next White street.

#### NOTED CREAM

#### HAT, CAP AND STOCK

#### WALK-BOOM.

#### NO. 132 CANAL-STREET.

BEAVER HATS, \$3 75. Also, beautiful improved style of Satin Beaver Hats, \$4 25, or \$42 per dozen. Imitation Beaver Hats, \$2. Men's, Youth's and Children's Caps, of every description, of the best quality, and ten per cent cheaper than any other store in the city.

Boys' Caps, from \$0.30 each to \$2.50. All kinds of Furs cleaned and repaired. The public are respectfully invited to call at the above store, and examine for themselves.

PALMER & CO.

N. B. One door below Thompson, in Canal street.

Feb 5

#### NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beckman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beckman, corner of William st. T. KENSETT.

#### AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Entson,  
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New Brunswick, New Jersey, Reuben Ayres  
Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, bookseller  
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For Masters and others, procuring Subscribers, and transmitting the money agreeably to the terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a commission of ten per cent.